

Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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The Deaf of Bonnie Scotland:---A Mission in a Castle

By M. S. FRY

"BONNIE DUNDEE" may be truthfully said to deserve its title, for it is a pleasant city, pleasantly situated. Its Institute and School for the Deaf may likewise claim to be, in a certain degree, unique; for they occupy a Castle, once the residence of the Hereditary Constable of Dundee.

Dudhope Castle, the headquarters of the mission to the deaf, and also the Dundee School Board's Centre, stands in Dudhope Park.

The exterior of the buildings does not strike one as being particularly handsome, it bears the look of a military building, and such until recently it was. The interior, however, is very comfortable. There is a large hall for worship, and another for social purposes, meetings, etc.; smaller rooms are used by the feminine members of the mission, and by the missionary, Mr. Archibald Welsh, for his office. Above the floor used by the adults is the school for the deaf, which is conducted by Miss Beveridge, under the auspices of the local School Board.

Like most good and useful things, the Dundee Mission had a very small beginning, and, in its present developed and well organized form, is comparatively young; though the efforts of good friends in bringing the deaf together can claim a respectable antiquity. The work may be said to have had its foundation in 1845, when Mr. Drysdale, who was himself deaf, opened a private school for the deaf children of Dundee and district. This gentleman's attainments and position were such that he was eventually singled out by his fellow deaf as their guide and leader, and to him they went to go when in need of advice or assistance. This led Mr. Drysdale to undertake Sabbath services for the adult deaf of the city, a duty he continued until his death in 1880, when his scholastic and mission work was taken up by another gentlemen, Mr. James Barland, who is at present living in well earned retirement. Mr. Barland conducted the mission until 1893, when he gave up the work and as a token of esteem, was presented with a gold watch and chain by the deaf to whom he had ministered. For a short time the mission was taken charge of by the Edinburg Deaf and Dumb Associa-

tion, until, in September, 1893, Mr. R. W. Dodds was appointed missionary, a post he held until his removal to the Kinghan Mission at Belfast. Mr. Dodds was succeeded by the present missionary, Mr. Welsh, formerly of Oldham; to whose efforts and work the deaf of Dundee are largely indebted for the present flourishing condition of their mission.



DUDHOPE CASTLE, DUNDEE.

Until Mr. Welsh's appointment the accommodation provided for the deaf was wretched in the extreme, being "cribbed, cabined, and confined," and the constant cry was for more suitable premises. It was not, however, until Mr. Welsh had been two years in Dundee that the present building was obtained from the City Council. So much for the history of the "Mission in a Castle." Now for Mr. Welsh.

Mr. Archbald Welsh

Mr. Welsh is well known as the Secretary of the Institute of Missioners to the Deaf, and as the man who, during his fifteen years' work for the Oldham Society, did so much for the deaf of that city. When Mr. Welsh first went to Oldham he found his mission had an income of only forty pounds a year, whilst the attendance was barely half-a-dozen. Setting to work with a will, he raised the income to £300 (\$1,500) per annum, and pulled the attendance up to an average of 60. Nor did our friend confine his attention solely to the adult deaf, he founded a day class for Oldham's deaf children, and managed to get the local School Board to take it up, as well as

evening classes for the adults. From hired rooms he saw the society established in a fine building of its own, which cost £1,500 (\$7,500). In addition he induced the Oldham Guardians—with the consent of the Local Government Board—to contribute £25 (\$125) a year to the society's funds; at the same time, he got the rateable value of the Institute re-

duced to a nominal sum of £1 (\$5). He also brought the claims of the deaf before the Oldham Cycling Union, which holds an annual carnival or parade in aid of Oldham charities; as a result, the Union has granted the Society altogether £366 (\$1830). Such is a very brief summary of Mr. Welsh's Oldham work. In Dundee, he has done very much for his mission, and is highly esteemed in the city. It may be added that Mr. Welsh was originally a teacher of the deaf, and is a brother of Dr. Welsh, of Langside Institution, and that he takes deep interest in the "tramp problem."

The Castle School

The school at Dudhope Castle is conducted very much upon the lines in vogue at Donaldson's Hospital. The Combined System is in use, every child is taught to finger-spell as well as to articulate and lip-read. The end Miss Beveridge has in view is that of all good educators—a sound, all-around education, and development of the faculties a deaf child possesses. The results of the school are passing good, and it is interesting to see how easily and naturally the elder children converse with the adult deaf downstairs. The school hours, however, are rather a drawback, being very short. The children go into school at 9.30 A.M., and leave at 12; returning at 1 P.M., they remain until 3 P.M.; and the school day is over. In such a brief space of time, teachers can hardly be expected to do much in the way of physical drill, manual work, etc. Nevertheless, the children give a very creditable display with dumb-bells, clubs, and bars.

Miss Beveridge was trained under Dr. Elliott at Margate, and upon obtaining her "paper," went to Donaldson's Hospital for four years, after which she was appointed headmistress of the Dundee classes. She has for



THE SCHOOL—JUNIOR CLASS



THE SCHOOL—SENIOR CLASS

assistants, Miss Turnbull, and Miss Burke, late headmistress of the now defunct Yar-

mouth School for the Deaf. It need hardly be said that the school and mission co-operate

harmoniously together, and beyond doubt do much work of a very high order.—*M. S. Fry,*

Tommy Stringer Turns Unseeing on The Trapeze

A VERY pleasant afternoon about 4:30, an interesting group gathers on the South Boston play-grounds to watch a boy in running togs to do stunts on the trapeze. But the interest of the crowd is not on the stunts but upon the performer.

Blind, deaf and dumb, Tommy Stringer does slowly, to be sure, but with apparent fearlessness, things which some men would not care to do with their eyes open, and very few with their eyes shut. A turn at the travelling rings, a few tricks on the bar and the parallel bars and a half or mile and a half run make two hours of pretty strenuous exercise for a boy who four weeks ago knew nothing of gymnastic apparatus. Tom and his teacher, George Pinto, come out upon the field, conversing by means of touch language. Mr. Pinto goes to the bar and takes a turn or two while Tom skilfully follows his movements with his outstretched hands. So delicately sensitive is his power of feeling that, although he appears to touch him hardly at all, he is able to reproduce accurately and immediately his teacher's feat. He imitates quietly and simply, with no timid shrinking or question, quite as any boy follows his gymnasium instructor.

Of course he can do nothing entirely unaided. Mr. Pinto stands by him always ready to insure his safety. When he uses the travelling rings, Mr. Pinto places each one deftly in his outstretched hand as he swings toward it. When he runs, he runs with his hand on Mr. Pinto's shoulder. When he tries the trapeze, Mr. Pinto leaps up first, catches it and crosses his feet. In the step thus provided, Tom places his foot and raises himself up without the least trouble. Once there he swings back and forth fearlessly and at a slight touch from Mr. Pinto drops easily to the ground.

The most remarkable thing about his whole performance is his perfectly unafraid, matter-of-fact manner. Fear does not seem to occur to him. One fall, one injury, while it probably could not shake his faith in Mr. Pinto, might make him fearful of the trapeze and bar for months.

Mr. Pinto has been teaching Tom for four weeks. He found him a mollycoddle, the lat-

ter says. At first Tom objected to the new exercise. His gymnasium did not appeal to him for a public performance. The bar he objected to because when his head was down, "things fell," he said. When he first tried the track, it was found that he could not run 50 yards. He could not really run at all. He objected strenuously to that form of exercise. Even now the pain in his side, after a long run, makes him solicitous as to the welfare of his heart.

On the whole, however, he likes it. He is proud of his muscles and delightedly displays the knot of his arm. He goes and comes from his daily sport with a strange, contented smile. It has opened up a vast new experience to him.

It is 18 years since Tom Stringer was in the Jamaica Plain kindergarten for the blind, a good-natured four year old child, utterly unconscious of himself and of his isolation from the outer world. Through the patient kindness of Dr. Anagnos and his devoted teacher, Miss Ruth Thomas, little by little he was brought to a consciousness of the world about him. To-day he is a well grown young man of twenty-two, erect, manly and in spite of his affliction, perfectly cheerful. He is extremely interested in mechanical things. He delights in machinery and in his little workshop. Sloyd work particularly interests him and he has made a number of articles. He cherishes little mechanical schemes, such as converting an old clock into a metronome.

Neatness is a passion with him. He is unhappy at the slightest spot on his clothes or at a speck of dust in his room. When he makes his bed, the pattern of the counterpane must be arranged with perfect symmetry.

This year a great effort is being made to develop the social side of his nature. For this task, no happier choice could have been made than George Pinto. Deaf himself and once blind, he has a sympathetic comprehension of Tom's needs impossible to any one else.

"Deaf people live in a world of their own," said Supt. Allen of the Perkins Institution. "Mr. Pinto can get nearer to Tom in five minutes than you or I ever could."

Mr. Pinto's own words concerning Tom show clearly how close the relationship is.

"Tom's life is not barren and unhappy. Far from it. He little realizes how great is his affliction. It is true that he understands perfectly that he is not like other people, but he can never comprehend how much this loss means to him. He lives in a little world of his own, one that contains joy and its sorrows, just the same as all of us. It has its gleams of sunshine and its periods of gloom. He has little cares, just as important to him as though the welfare of a nation depended upon them. There are days when he is so happy and full of good humor that he seems to smile all over, and again a gloom settles over him, darkens his day and that of his teacher, for so close is the companionship that joys and sorrows are mutual.

"This year, however, a new world has been open up for Tom. He has been pulled out of the old ruts into which a too methodical nature cast him. New studies and new diversions have been provided. Formerly he has been confined overmuch to the milder forms of exercise. But now he is enjoying life in earnest.

"It used to be a fond hope of this afflicted boy that some day in that happy time when he became a man, he would see like other men, but as the years passed and the darkness remained as profound as ever, his hope died, slowly and reluctantly, but perished as all such from the graves of the old one, a new hope arose and blossomed into a beautiful flower, purer and higher than its predecessor, and it is growing dearer to him as the years fly past. Some day, he says when I go to that far, far country I shall see like other men and hear the beautiful music that comes to me only in dreams now. His belief in a higher being is profound and his belief that he shall some day see his mother is like a gleam of sunshine in his darkened life.

"Sometimes he talks of his mother and a sad, far-away look steals across his countenance. He seems to have a dim recollection of her, for he often tries to describe her."

That he takes a keen interest in the world around him is shown by the fact that a day or two after *The Herald* reporter visited the

the play-ground, he wrote on his typewriter the following account of "My Life:"

"I was born in 1883, in Washington, Pa., near Pittsburg. My mother and father are very strangers because I did not know them very well for I was a baby then. I stayed there for two years and my mother and father moved to Harrisburg, Pa. My mother was very sick for a year and she died and then I was very sick. My father took me over to the hospital for sickness and the doctor gave medicine and then the nurse took me over to Boston, Mass., for the blind kindergarten Jamaica Plain school.

"Mrs Anagnos was a good friend of mine, but he has gone into heaven now for many years. When I was four years old, the Boston friends were very good friends to me. Miss Bull, Miss Brown, Miss Conley, Miss Mills, Miss Thomas and Miss Carbee, who were the teachers, were very good to help me to be a good, fine man. I liked the kindergarten very much for fourteen years. I like to play with the boys out of doors in the merry-go-around for a good time.

"I went to the Lowell school with Miss Conley four years and I graduated from the school with Mr. Sherburne. I went to the Mechanic Art high school with Miss Mills for a year and I came here (to Perkins) when I was eighteen years old, with Miss Thomas and Miss Carbee for four years.

"Mr. Pinto is the seventeenth teacher and he likes me very much. I like a man teacher better than a lady teacher because it is much better to see many ways and many fine things will make me very happy. Mr. Pinto is like a brother. I will like him very much now because he can take me around in the world for a good time. I like the field by the park very much, and it is a pleasant place there.

THOMAS STRINGER.

The surprisingly correct expression of this letter is remarkable when the tremendous difficulty under which Tom labored in learning English is realized. He could not grasp the idea of words. He was used to a sign-language, where one touch, perhaps, stood for an entire sentence. Words like "the" and "and" were incomprehensible to him.

Mr. Pinto says of him:

"Thomas Stringer may be justly called Boston's charge. For the past eighteen years he has been in our midst, growing and developing until now it would be hard to recognize in the fine, manly figure, erect and independent, the intelligent face and alert expression, the former little waif who came here shut in by double walls of darkness and silence. It has been a long step from those days; aye, a very long one, and beset by countless stumbling blocks of a nature that made them more difficult than is usually the case. But it has been a triumphant one."—*Boston Herald*.

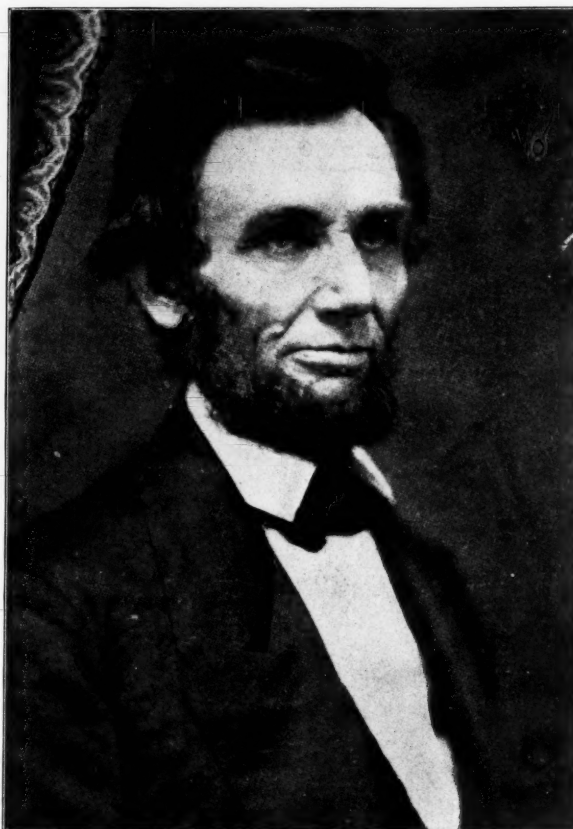
Considers it Par Excellence

The issues of your paper during the preceding year were *par excellence*, in fact, every time the paper was, and still is, being looked for with more than ordinary interest. And the wonder grows that I was ignorant of the existence of your splendid paper until a friend of mine in Colorado last year spoke of it, evidently with enthusiasm.

With best wishes for continued success of the paper, which I confidently feel, comes as a boon more welcome every time than the preceding one.

NAMPA, IDAHO.

MARION G. GIFFEN.



COURTESY OHIO CHRONICLE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
WHO ON APRIL 8, 1864,
APPROVED THE ACT OF CONGRESS
ESTABLISHING THE NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE
AT WASHINGTON, NOW KNOWN AS
GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

"Great captains with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour;
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, farseeing-man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our soil, the first American."
—James Russell Lowell.

St. Louis

THE celebration of the Lincoln centennial was duly observed on the evening of February 12th at St. Thomas' Mission. The following programme was arranged and carried out,—the principal of Gallaudet School presiding:

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean".....
.....Mrs. Estella Forbes Jones
Lincoln's Own Story.....Mr. G. J. Tureczek
Lincoln's Humor.....Miss Annie M. Roper
Lincoln's Farewell Address at Springfield.....
.....Mr. Henry Stumpe
Lincoln's Goodness of Heart.....
.....Miss Clara L. Steidemann
"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud"
.....Mrs. Lulu O. Cloud
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.....
.....Mr. A. J. Rodenberger
"O Captain! My Captain!".....Miss Irene Burrow
Tributes to the Memory of Lincoln.....
.....Miss Pearl Herdman
"America".....Mr. Henry J. Burgherr

On the Sunday following a Lincoln memorial sermon was preached at St. Thomas' Mission.

This being the year for Lincoln stories, one told me by the late superintendent of the Illinois school for the deaf—Dr. Joseph C. Gordon—may as well be added now and here. Those who knew Dr. Gordon will remember his heavy shock of hair which had decided propensity for staying disarranged. By way of apology, Dr. Gordon said that while he was a student at college at Mommoth, Ill., he went to hear Lincoln make a speech. The meeting was in the open air and a farm wagon with the hind gate of the box removed served as the platform from which Lincoln addressed the gathering. Young Gordon worked his way through the crowd to where Lincoln stood and feeling tired sat down on the rear end of the wagon box at Lincoln's feet. Lincoln wore his customary long frock coat and when he stooped, as he frequently did, to emphasize a point, his coat tails brushed young Gordon's hair to all points of the compass making it so rebellious that future attempts to subdue it with comb and brush proved fruitless. This seems to have been the real beginning of the rebellion.

The Episcopal ministers of the deaf recently held a conference in Philadelphia.

Various matters of moment concerning the work of our spiritual shepherds were discussed, and among them the advisability of memorializing the Episcopal House of Bishops on the validity of the sacramental ministration in the sign-language.

As near as we can gather the gist of the whole thing is that these same learned Bishops are still so wedded to the prejudices of the Dark Ages that they entertain grave doubts as to the validity of sign-language as a vehicle of sacred ministrations.

With the gist of the above misinformation in hand the Franco-German correspondent of *The Deaf American* proceeds to grind out nearly two columns of ancient lore and modern clap trap, once more giving a fearful illustration of the saying that "a little learning is a dangerous thing. The real facts are few and simple. No member of the House of Bishops has ever refused to ordain a deaf man—otherwise qualified—to the Priesthood, thereby empowering him to administer the sacraments. No member of the House of Bishops has ever refused to allow a deaf clergyman to officiate within his Diocese from any scruple concerning the validity of sacramental ministration in the sign-language. The validity of sacramental ministration in the sign-language has never been under consideration before the House of Bishops. That the House of Bishops be asked for an expression of its judgment as to the sufficiency of the sign-language for the purpose of administering the sacraments, was suggested by a layman—the editor of *The Living Church*—not that he doubted such sufficiency—he made it plain in a comprehensive and able editorial that he did not—but because such an official expression by the House of Bishops would forever set at rest the fears of some who did doubt such sufficiency. A Philadelphia layman had previously written *The Living Church* expressing himself as in favor of "doing away with all missions that may be conducted by men, who were blind, or deaf and dumb at time of ordination, than continue them at the risk

of invalidating the priesthood." This declaration was the entering wedge for a number of communications from various persons, clerical and lay, only one of whom, a New York priest, supported the layman's position. The main contention of those who were opposed to having priests "deaf at ordination," was the absence of any precedent for such in the early Church. I asked the Conference recently held at Philadelphia to memorialize the House of Bishops for an expression of its judgment as to the sufficiency of the sign-language for the purpose of administering the sacraments, as suggested by the Editor of the *Living Church*, but the Conference after carefully considering the matter decided that such a step was not necessary at this time.

* * *

"Ichabod Crane" suggests that if I should resign from the ministry and give all of my attention to "deaf politics" I could indulge without criticism from any one what he calls my "fondness for scrappin." We are profoundly grateful to Ichabod for his suggestions. They are always taken for what they are worth. We do not know who is behind the *nom de plume* of Ichabod, but assume that he is not in the ministry. That he as a layman is never criticized is not quite so clear. But it is not at all necessary to resign from the ministry in order to indulge ones "fondness for scrappin." A minister with that idiosyncrasy needs only to conceal his identity behind a *nom de plume a la* night-rider, white-cap, bush-wacker, or Ichabod, and then "scrap" to his heart's content. If Ichabod was a man of honor and courage he would sign his real name to his personal criticisms of others.

* * *

Mr. W. C. Ritter's philanthropic efforts in behalf of the colored population are not fully appreciated by some of his Afro-American neighbors. He has lost seven of his finest Plymouth Rock chickens lately.—*Va. Guide*.

Appreciation will come after Mr. Ritter's school gets in full operation and the classes are drilled in moral philosophy on the duties pertaining to property. Here is hoping that the chicken roost may not be depleted before that time.

* * *

This is the year for the next regular meeting of the Missouri Association of the Deaf. Up to the present writing no city has made a bid for the convention. The last convention was held in St. Louis and St. Louisians are not exerting themselves to have the next convention held here. They will gladly entertain the convention, however, if no other city makes a reasonable bid for it. The centennial celebration of the incorporation of St. Louis as a municipality will be celebrated with a seven-day fete in the first week in October. If the convention is to meet in St. Louis we would suggest that it be held during the centennial week when coming to St. Louis will be very much worth while aside from the attraction of the convention.

* * *

Time was when putting up at a hotel and wanting hot water, stationery or some kind necessity, we had only to push the button a certain number of times and the bell boy would do the rest. Now guest rooms of hotels are equipped with telephones and in consequence the deaf guest has to plod his weary way down a flight of stairs, more or less, to give his orders or have his wants supplied.

* * *

The Laides' Home Fund Society of St. Louis is an efficient and tireless organization devoted to a most worthy cause and it is no fault of theirs if any of the elusive coin of

the realm fails to connect with the treasury of the proposed Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf of Missouri.

* * *

Miss Golda Fitzgerald, until a few weeks ago a student at Gallaudet College, was a recent visitor in the city. Those who were so fortunate as to make her acquaintance while here greatly regret that her stay was so brief.

* * *

"Two Gentlemen of Verona" was the subject of the latest reading from Shakespeare at St. Thomas' Mission. The date of the reading coincided with that of the greatest local blizzard in years, so the attendance was made up of little more than two gentlemen from St. Louis.

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SILENT WORKER, *Silent Churchman*, *Silent Hoosier*, *Silent Herald*, *Silent Success*,—the silence is becoming impressive.

J. H. CLOUD.

Gone to Colorado

Mr. Harry Smith, of Rosemont, N. J., is now an inmate of the Union Printers' Home in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He became



HARRY SANGER SMITH

incapacitated by a severe attack of rheumatism, contracted while camping out on the banks of the Delaware river a few years ago.

Mr. Smith is a member of the Trenton Typographical Union and was recognized among the printers of the city as a job compositor with few equals. Mr. Smith also made a reputation as an authority on fishing. He is a member of National Sportsman's Association; member of Pennsylvania Fish and Game Protective Association. Under the pen name of "Bob White" he has contributed entertaining articles on fishing and gunning for a number of sporting magazines.

We hope Mr. Smith will get over his trouble, so as to return to his native state.

A few nights ago would-be thieves broke into the residence of W. W. Hines, of Jeffersonville, but were discovered before they could lay their hand upon anything of value, and frightened away. The men (there seemed to be two) gained entrance by breaking out a pane of glass. The Hines family are mutes and it is supposed that the burglars thought they would have smooth sailing. The thieves seemed to forget that if the people whom they proposed to rob could not speak, that they might be handy with a gun. — *Washington, C. H. (Ohio) Record Republican*, December 1st.

Too Interesting to be Forgotten!

DR. JOHN S. BUTLER, who for the first eight years of Mr. Gallaudet's life was Superintendent of the Retreat for the Insane at Hartford, said of him: "His whole warm heart was in his work, and he did that work well. He seemed to bring sunlight with him into our household, and he left its cheering influence in every heart. It seemed when he died that sunlight went out of the house."

Let the deaf emulate his example of Godliness, charitableness, cheerfulness, and amiability, if they would be missed as he was missed.

Mr. Gallaudet's final charge to his old pupils and the younger ones who were in attendance at the American Asylum at the time of the memorable presentation of the silver pitchers to himself and Laurent Clerc, now is, and will be applicable to the educated deaf for all time, and should be often repeated.

"Yes: be grateful to these your benefactors and to all who have been concerned in whatever way in furnishing you with the means of improvement, and helpfulness, and in imparting to you the blessed truths of the gospel of Christ. They richly deserve your gratitude, but let its highest and most devout expression ascend to Him, who is the sole efficient author of every good gift—which we enjoy. Recognize his hand in all your blessings. Let Him have the warmest love of your hearts, and the cheerful obedience of your lives."—*From Life, Character and Services of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet*, by Henry Barnard.

To a Bird.

NOTE: Early last spring when the migratory birds were returning, I was standing on the lawn at my farm. At my side Howard Jr., then two years old, was standing, when suddenly his arm flew up and he pointed to a bird flying into a near-by apple tree. With his face picturing delight, the child stood all attention, listening to the song the bird was (as I believe) pouring forth. The poem below followed the incident.

See that lovely bird
Mounting to the tree!
If I knew each word
It pours out to me,
What a hidden world
Were to me revealed!
Like a bud uncurled
That so long had sealed
Beauty in its fold
Of exquisite mold.

What joy in thy heart!
Born of life so free,
Trying thus to part
In sweet melody!

What is that which thou
From thy perch so high
Callest to my brow?—
Thoughts which cannot die.

Men may look on thee,
Longing to know how
They, too, might be free,
Even as art thou;

But in thee I find
A spirit-spark divine,—
Music of a kind
That is more than mine:

Brought from some far realm,
Which I fain would know,
Such a place, I deem,
Where good spirits go!

HOWARD L. TERRY.

Chicago

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY was observed by the Epworth League of the M. E. Mission, Friday evening, February 12. The Rev. Mr. Hasenstab delivered an address on the life of the great emancipator. The Pas-a-Pas club observed the day on Saturday, the 13th, a program of general anecdotes being given. The observance was in conjunction with the annual valentine party which the club gives.

The *Chicago American* is having a voting contest whose object is to choose a boy from among the Chicago school boys whom the paper intends to send on a trip around the world. The paper received an inquiry, below, from Emil Keska, one of the deaf pupils in the local day schools:

"I go to the Holden School and belong to the deaf and dumb class. This will be the best chance in the world to see the country. Do you think they will let the deaf and dumb children go?"

To which the editor replied as follows:

"Of course a deaf and dumb boy may go if he wins. The fact that he cannot speak nor hear will not prevent him from breaking the record."

It's worthy of notice, outside of its general interest, as a rare case of acknowledging a deaf boy as equal to his hearing brother.

I recently had the pleasure of paying a visit to two more state schools for the deaf, those of Ohio and Indiana, being in Columbus January 25 and 26 and at Indianapolis February 2. That they (the visits) proved interesting is a superfluous statement—Buckeye and Hoosier hospitality in profusion being my portion at each—"day school product" as I am. Both schools are beautifully located, in cities of the same description, and a "make yourself at home" being in the atmosphere breathed by the stranger in his tour through grounds and buildings. In the state bindery at Columbus the Ohio deaf have a valuable spokesman as to their abilities and worth as employees. At Indianapolis, I was shown the plans for the new school now in process of construction, which if they are carried out, will bring Indiana to the satisfaction of knowing she has the lead in that particular line. Such visits and observing the pride of *alma mater* and in their alumni associations which the deaf of these states take in their talks with and the showing around of the visitor makes one in my position feel like "the man without a country."

In his inaugural message, Governor Deneen, of Illinois, had the following:

"The Civil Service Commission has been unable to obtain competent teachers of the deaf in Illinois. The commission has tried for three years to fill the positions of the school for the deaf with competent teachers who reside in this state. There is no training school for teachers of the deaf in this state that will supply sufficient teachers for the Illinois school for the deaf; consequently these positions must be filled by non-residents. The commission believes it should be given authority to open important technical positions at its discretion to persons who are not residents of Illinois.

"Believing that civil service has demonstrated its value to the public service in the institutions, I recommend its extension to other branches of the service, and to that end I commend to your careful

Typical Children of Deaf Parents



ELMER LEWIS AND FAMILY, DAYTON, OHIO.
Back Row; right to left: Clarence, Charlotte, Anna, William.
Front Row: Bertha, Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, Betty.

The group photo in this page is one of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lewis, of Dayton, Ohio, and is an unusually interesting one.

Mrs. Lewis' maiden name was Maria J. Glass. She was a pupil at Fanwood in the seventies. Mr. Lewis attended the Indiana school. He has a good position with the famous Davis Sewing Machine Co.

Charlotte, the eldest daughter, is a trusted employe of the National Cash Register Co., as is also Anna. Clarence and William, the two sons, are skilled machinists, the former with the Davis Co., the latter with the N. C. R. Co. Bertha and Betty are in their teens. Bertha is a student in a commercial school, while Betty is a student in languages at high school.

Mr. Lewis is one of the leading members of Dayton Division, N. F. S. D.

J. E. P.

consideration the recommendations of the state civil-service commission as set forth in its report."

"Success is measured by visible signs."

I shot an arrow into the air; it fell in the distance, I knew not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to slay some rats, and a neighbor swore it killed his cats; and, rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents (4.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar until it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot—it never hit the proper spot; and the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—*Walt Mason, in the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.*

Paradoxical:

Seedy Applicant—Give me a place in your show, mister; it will put me on my feet again.

Manager—What is your specialty?

Seedy Applicant—Standing on my head, pantomime and shadowgraphs.—*Ex.*

Speaking of the deaf not being the only people in Chicago, who use signs, the *Washingtonian* mentions the workers in the big South Chicago steel mills. If the writer of the article could take a meal at a certain restaurant near the Tribune building he would find an unique and novel code of signs used there by

the waiters in sending his order to the kitchen; and a visit to the "wheat pit" of the Board of Trade would uncover still another.

That balls are not "played out" as far as the Chicago deaf are concerned was demonstrated at the annual masquerade of Chicago Division N. F. S. D., February 6th. Some three hundred were present and more maskers than have been seen at like affairs in several years. A party of Milwaukee frats were among those enjoying themselves. Chicago expects to send down a good-sized "delegation" to Milwaukee Division's ball on February 20.

After the ball there was a bowling match between "Chicago" and "Milwaukee" which resulted in a victory for the former. A return match is scheduled for Milwaukee February 21.

The suggestions of Editor Veditz made in the *Deaf American* of January 28, that the Chicago deaf look after the introduction of a bill in the state legislature fixing a definite status of the school for the deaf as an educational institution, has been taken up and a committee is at work on the details, composed of the Rev. Hasenstab, chairman; the Rev. George F. Flick, O. H. Regensburg, C. C. Codman, G. T. Dougherty, J. J. Kleinhans and F. P. Gibson.

It seems to me that the article on "The Deaf and the Civil Service" in the last *SILENT WORKER* lacked but one detail to make it complete—the portrait of and credit due our own hustling president, George W. Veditz. We trust the omission was an oversight.

F. P. GIBSON.

Wants to Know

MR. EDITOR:—Can any of your readers explain why your sanctimonious Missouri correspondent habitually selects misleading newspaper paragraphs to justify himself in belittling the work of President Veditz of the National Association of the Deaf?

When in your February number he hides behind the *Journal's* college correspondent to show—far from the latter's purpose—that Mr. Veditz had nothing to do with the successful repeal of the civil service barrier against the deaf, the omission is so papitable that I, for one, wish to express my growing admiration for Mr. Veditz's efficient administration over the N. F. S. D., and that were it not for his persistent efforts to interest President Roosevelt, the civil service victory would have never been ours. Mr. Veditz neglected his private interests, and sustained momentary losses in his devotion to promote our interests. I was told the other day a good story of Colonel McClure of Kentucky school, which, I believe, represents the sentiments all over the country. In speaking of himself, he said: "I would not want to be Mr. Veditz's successor. I could not—by a long shot—do all the work he has done." It will be many years before another president, as efficient as Mr. Veditz, will be found.

If there was less muckraking and more cohesion among the deaf, our interests would take a quick jump forward.

The civil service victory is a great thing. If only 100 of the deaf obtain employment under it, at a salary, say, each \$1,000, it means \$100,000 annually for the deaf. This is a big "appropriation," and as a mark of appreciation for his persistent and successful work, I would suggest that a suitable token be presented to Mr. Veditz at the 1910 convention. I trust also that at the convention that steps be taken to put our future president on a small salary in compensation with the service they are expected to give.

OSCAR H. REGENSBURG.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5, 1909.

Pennsylvania.

STRENUOUS efforts are being made here and elsewhere in the country to stamp out the cocaine and morphine intoxication which within recent years has reached alarming proportions, particularly among children. Here in Philadelphia, only a few weeks ago, it was brought to light that numberless people have been making quite a harvest selling the cocaine drug to school boys. The results on the mind, soul and body of the child are most disastrous. Only last week the daily papers contained among other things on the matter, the following pitiful story that possesses for us a particular interest:

"A particularly distressing case came to my notice a week ago. A few days previously a girl, a deaf-mute, 19 years old, was taken by a friend to a house where several men and women were gathered. It was a cocaine den. She was induced to drink some fluid and snuff a powdered substance. After her return to her home, she lapsed into a heavy slumber, in which she lay for forty-eight hours. Since that day she has had a terrible headache and in the course of each day has fallen into the same heavy sleep. As she is a deaf-mute and a stranger in the city, we have not been able to find the house to which she was taken."

A bill is now being brought before the Legislature at Harrisburg, amending the existing act on the sale of these drugs, so as to fix a far heavier penalty for the unlawful sale of the drugs.

On Saturday evening, January 30, a delightful entertainment was given in the Guild Room of All Souls' Church by a committee under Mrs. George T. Sanders. It was all through an evening of fun. About 175 attended the entertainment, and the proceeds, amounting to something over twenty-five dollars, went to the expense fund of the Church. The programme was as follows:

Miss Nancy Higgins.....Mr. W. H. Lipsett

Living Pictures

- Lecturer.....Mr. R. M. Ziegler
1. A Dutchman.....Mr. R. E. Underwood
2. Grandma.....Mrs. Jennie Smith
3. Miss Asterisk.....Miss M. H. Sanders
4. The Baby.....Miss Carlotta Underwood
5. Grandpa.....Mr. Michael Higgins
6. A Young Lady.....Miss D. B. Sanders
7. Mike.....Mr. Harold Partington
8. Uncle Ebenezer.....Mrs. G. T. Sanders
9. Topsy Turvy.....Master Fred Dantzer

The Lover's Return

- Mr. Stout—A Sailor.....Mr. W. C. Shepherd
Miss Slimm—A Maiden Lady.....Miss Viola King
Miss Thynne—Another Maiden Lady.....
.....Mrs. G. T. Sanders
Little Miss Muffett.....Miss Mary Campbell

A Nervous Man

- The Patient.....Mr. R. E. Underwood
His Wife.....Miss May E. Stemple
His Son.....Master F. Dantzer
His Maid.....Miss Eva Beckett
The Doctor.....Mr. Thomas E. Jones
Bridegroom.....Mr. H. E. Stevens
Bride.....Miss Jeannette King
Best Man.....Mr. H. G. Gunkel
Bridesmaid.....Miss D. B. Sanders
A Quaker Lady.....Mrs. Effie Dorfner
The Flower Vender.....Miss M. H. Sanders
The Blind Beggar.....Mrs. H. E. Stevens
An Officer.....Mr. Alex. McGhee



NASHVILLE, TENN., MUTES' SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

Mr. Jesse T. Warren is a teacher under the auspices of the Baptist Board. He is sitting in the last row right side and wears a moustache. His wife and child sit next to him.

Merry Widow Hats..... } Mr. Wm. Lee
 } Mrs. Viola King
 } Mrs. G. T. Sanders
 COMMITTEE:—Mrs. G. T. Sanders, Mrs. H. W. Syle, Mrs. Elmer Scott, Mrs. Viola King, Miss Gert-rude Parker, Miss Kate Steter, Miss Lillian Shepherd, Mr. Harry E. Stevens, Mr. Joseph Rodgers, Mr. Charles Waterhouse.

In the big cities, and the smaller ones too, the problem as to the best way to help the family of small means to be independent of outside aid, has long been a very perplexing one. Every winter large numbers, who in the summer months are fairly comfortable, find their way to the various charitable agencies asking for aid in the way of fuel and clothing. Of these a considerable number have only themselves to blame for their poverty. But there are also those who mean well, lack judgment and foresight in the expenditure of their hard earned wages. Clothes, furniture and food beyond their means are recklessly purchased, and they will even mortgage their future earnings in order to get such articles as a pretty book, picture, piece of jewelry, to say nothing of costly furniture, clothes, etc. The result is that when winter comes with its increased expenses and the lessened earning power of the bread-winner, there is actual want and privation. In order to teach these injudicious men and women the value of prudence in such matters, various penny and dime saving societies have been founded. And among these the Philadelphia Fuel Saving Fund Society, which was founded many years ago by the Society of Friends, is doing worlds of good. Depositors are allowed to deposit any amount up to one dollar a week during the summer and fall until they have on deposit enough to purchase not more than three tons of coal. And as the coal purchased through this Society is sold at a dollar less than the market value, the habit of laying aside something for a rainy day is thus in a way taught. At All Souls' Church, Mr. C. M. Pennell has for several years past acted as collector for this Fund. During the year just closed he collected from thirty-seven persons over three hundred dollars. During the coming year he will be assisted by Mr. J. S. Rodgers. There should

be more depositors among our silent people here. In addition to this there should be a penny or dime saving society at All Souls' Church to teach our people the value of laying aside something for the future. During the recent hard times I came across several cases where, during normal times, the bread winner earned from \$12 to \$15 a week, and yet when work slackened, there were no savings to fall back on. And then came suffering for the family. This is all wrong. Learn to lay aside a definite amount each week. You will be surprised to see how your savings will grow.

A new organization has come into existence at All Souls' Church. It is the "Men's Club." It had its initial meeting on the evening of the 27th of January. Mr. James S. Reider was elected president; George T. Sanders, vice-president; Roy Keeney, secretary-treasurer. The objects of the club, while largely social, will also seek to help the church, particularly by interesting the men in the work of the church. At its meeting, on Thursday evening, February 16th, the Rev. J. O. McIlhinney, of the Church of Resurrection, is expected to be present to help to entertain.

A little girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Scott, of Frankford, on Friday, January 22.

Mr. W. W. Beadell, of Arlington, N. J., and Mr. A. V. Ballin, of New York city, were in the city as guests of the Sanders last week.

The Rev. G. H. Hefflon has been in the Episcopal Hospital, the past two weeks, for an operation to remove an obstruction in the nasal passage. He expects to be out and doing duty on Sunday, February 14.

Miss Kate Steter burned her right arm pretty severely a few weeks ago, and it had nearly healed when a severe swelling ensued, making it necessary for her to take a few weeks' rest. She is now staying with the Dantzers in Tioga. C. O. DANTZER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 6, 1909.

The smallest tree can always give some shelter.—Woodstock.

Stray Straws

IN the *Minnesota Companion*, Mr. Spear takes time by the forelock and urges the deaf there to consider Olof Hanson as the next presidential possibility for the N. A. D. in 1910.

Mr. Olof Hanson has personally taken an active part in getting President Roosevelt to rule out the unjust discrimination against the deaf in the Civil Service, and is well and favorably known to many of the deaf all over the country so there could not be a more worthy man selected to lead the N. A. D.

Speaking thus, it is to be hoped that Douglas Tilden will look with such great approval on Mr. Hanson that he will forget his grievances and for harmony's sake unite on Mr. Hanson in lieu of the "lady candidate" he proposes.

The Mid-West Branch of Gallaudet College Alumni gathered together in Omaha, Nebraska, the middle of January, at the School for the deaf, where Superintendent White, a Normal Fellow, entertained them with an account of his one-time sojourn in the Island of Jamaica.

The *Silent Hoosier* has taken its readers along to the convention of last summer at Utah and through the Yellowstone Park and back by way of Colorado in a series of fascinating articles from the facile pen of Superintendent R. O. Johnson, accompanied by many interesting pictures.

The *Silent Hoosier* is gaining on the place, it has held as one of the most up-to-date and interesting of the school papers. An Alumni Department has been added with the genial Albert Berg at the head and now all the old-timers will be able to keep track of each other and learn what Fate has brought to each.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Council Bluffs, Iowa, disbanded some time ago last December, as there seemed no pressing need of such a society in that part of the State. There remained \$28.61 in treasurer's hands and, at a suggestion from Mrs. J. S. Long, the Society gladly presented it to the Home Fund of which Superintendent H. W. Rothert is treasurer.

The following is from the *Western Poultry Journal*, anent the Omaha Poultry Show, and shows what a deaf man can do in that line:

"One of the fine exhibits of White Rocks was shown by Arnold Kiene, of Dubuque, Iowa, and on his seven birds he received an average score of 92½ points—after the birds had been shipped 400 miles, many of his best birds had lost considerable in weight, but they surely showed careful breeding and a purity of color with splendid shape and uniformity of type that shows that they are the quality kind."

Heigho! A-lack-a-day, how comically serious some persons can take themselves and make "mountains out of molehills" and magnify harmless stray straws into hickory sticks.

Some innocent stray straws and chaff seem to have blown into the eyes of the esteemed author of "Random Rays" and obscured her otherwise clear vision. Recently, she illuminated an issue of the *New York Deaf-Mutes' Journal* with extracts from *Stray Straws* and devoted a whole column and a half telling what they *did not mean*.

E. F. L.

Blude is thicker than water.—*Guy Manner-ing*.

RESPONSIBLES

IN this confusing period at which we live, when one hardly knows what is right or wrong, crooked or straight, allowable or interdicted, we are tempted to think that we might make a suggestion, which might help the moral economy of the world. For instance why was it not so arranged that each one standing in his or her lot should assume all the responsibility which belonged to them, and thus have no way of laying any part thereof upon any one else? Such an arrangement would have made human judgment so much easier, and the justification of Divine government much less difficult. Man's "inmost thought" would be seen. How far he had failed to take the responsibility would be known.

As things go, as things are it seems utterly impossible to fasten on any one the exact responsibility, and this all the more in proportion as they are great in ability, extensive in connections and weighty in influence. It is these very connections which multiply the opportunities, and increase the temptation to "dodge" it. If the home of a crusty old bachelor or a forlorn old maid is not kept immaculate, every one knows who is responsible; but in the case of a large household who can tell? And so it goes all through society. No one stands alone. There are always co-relatives. While they may have their uses, they may also have their abuses.

The President of the United States is undoubtedly greatly assisted by his Cabinet, as the pastor is by his "deacons," and the "official board," but at the same time it is plain to see that the Cabinet will be right and the President wrong. The churchmen right and the pastor wrong or *vice versa*, and then harm comes to the Nation or the Church. Then comes the query, "Who was responsible?"

Manifestly there are opportunities and the temptations to throw the responsibility first on this one, then that one, and finally some other one. If a doubtful project is undertaken, some will either claim or deny having anything to do with the movement, according to the character of the issue. But if it succeeds they cry out, or quietly claim or adroitly insinuate that they *did it!* But if it goes the other way, it requires a powerful "search-light" to discover the responsible party. This throwing the responsibility upon others is an old trick. As old as the first sinner, as old as the first man. It had its beginning in the Garden of Eden. It was our first ancestor who said, "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." He not only ate the apple like a sinner and laid the responsibility on his wife like a scoundrel but done something worse—accused his Maker of being responsible like a blasphemer. "The woman whom Thou gavest me!" is equivalent to saying "I did not ask her. I did not create this sweet temptress. Lord, it was a device of Thine and looks as though Thou didst intend to catch me in the trap of the beautiful, with the bait of Love. I was good before Thou sent this woman, this enchantress. If Thou hadst only left me alone and hadst Thou desired a woman, put her elsewhere, things would not have turned out so, but Thou gavest her to be with me and she gave me of the fruit." All this in a strong reproachful tone, but as soon as it comes to his share in it,—a share well known to his Creator, and Eve and the devil,—he adds in a tone of meek and injured innocence, "and I did eat thereof." His Creator brought him the woman and the woman brought him the fruit, all he did was just to eat a little! Thus it began and the end is not yet! In multifarious ways men have

been continually "rolling" the responsibility upon others. It has a blinding and sometimes a blighting effect to the human judgment. But still it may have some advantages which in a measure outweigh it. One is that by "co-operating associations among men, great things can be achieved which otherwise would be left undone and that could not be accomplished by the exertion of all made inseparable of one another. In the next place this "interdependence" and "inter-working" do very much to strengthen the bond of humanity and largely increase its good works. We pull in one accord and as we pull, are brought more in "unison." Perhaps not in Paradise, when our first parents were locked in the first embrace of human love did they cling to each other, as when outside its gates, they knelt with anguished hearts and wrung their hands over the body of their murdered Abel, and even before that, the sword that banished them from Eden, *banished them together!* One may go through life unacknowledged as the author of "great things." Others may wear the "laurels," others may hold "the office," others may draw the "prizes," but if "we did it," if our influence was at the bottom of it, surely there will be some compensation. On the other hand, if some one else has "done the work," and we have been praised for what we never did, have worn the "garlands," they will wither and we shall have bitten into an "Apple of Sodom." If a child has done wrong, it is so much better to go direct to the parent or teacher, and say "I did it." It is so much better, for an honest confession is good for the soul. None of us are "immaculate," none of us are "infallible." There is something intensely heroic in standing to answerable questions, which have a right to be propounded. There is always something savoring of cowardice and cunning in any movement which any one makes to turn the responsibility of a wrong on a subordinate or appropriate the credit belonging to some one else.

"No there is a necessity in fate,
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate,
He keeps his object ever full in sight
And that assurance holds him firm and right,
True 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice;
Fear makes men look aside and so their footing miss."

"X. L."

Book Review

"Out of the Silence," a book of Poems, 140 pp., by Mr. J. Schuyler Long, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Price \$1.25.

These verses by Mr. J. Schuyler Long, a teacher in the School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs, Iowa, have appeared from time to time in newspapers and magazines, and cover a wide range of subjects. Many of them appeal with special force to the deaf and their friends. Gathered together and published in book form they present delightful reading, inasmuch as they represent the sentiments of a happy, contented mind. The only exception where the author has given way to his feelings of disappointment and disgust, is when he puts into verse his feelings after a hard day's work with a class of deaf-mute pupils whose progress was unsatisfactory. The printing and binding is all that could be desired.

The volume may be had on application with remittance at the School for the Deaf, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

She Enjoys It

I enjoy reading THE SILENT WORKER. It is quite a superior publication.

MRS. A. M. THORPE.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

With the Silent Workers

EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH.

THE common, or garden variety, of typographical error appears so frequently that to call attention to it after it has crept past only makes it the more glaring. In the last issue, the imp of a compositor made me say "sobriety" twice where I had written "sobriety." In the sense the word was used, I have no doubt the word "sobriety" looked all right to the compositor.

Our friend, Mr. Wade, is justly riled over what has happened to "Tommy" Stringer, and in a foot note he states that he does not care whether I publish the letter or not. Here it is:

FEBRUARY 4, 1909.

DEAR MR. PACH:—Tom Stringer, the blind-deaf boy at the Perkins Institution, has gone to pieces, physically, and mentally, at the result of "anagnostication," all intellectual, no boy in it.

A visit to Fanwood brightened him up wonderfully, but was too short to really build him up.

What he wants is deaf companionship galore, companions who will sign to him, and teach him signs, and reform the miserable Perkin's style of reading manual spelling, with his hand cupped like to teacup and the speller punching his spelling in with the ends of his fingers. The blind-deaf elsewhere all read with their hands lying open on top of the speller's.

Now, to the point, I am told that there is an Association of the Deaf in Boston. Do you know some live, doing fellow in it, who will take up bringing Tom to meetings (inviting him and his teacher Mr. G. E. Pinto, a bright deaf young fellow) and putting the boys on to it to teach him signs and to be "a boy again"?

Blister sending the blind-deaf to a school for the blind! You might as well stock a girls' college with a faculty of owls! Cuss them! Why can't they see that the blind-deaf need the company of those like themselves, to whom spelling, and signs, are the natural language; not an artificial "cul-chaw," the hearing never use but by necessity!

Yours truly,

WILLIAM WADE.

The following is by Mr. Fred T. Lloyd, Dean of the Lah-de-dah School of Journalism:

"There is one kind of a person whose presence in a community is always welcomed. He is the chap who, come what may, looks up and is cheerful. The world is watching for the man who meets hard luck with a smiling face and shows an ever-present vim and will to succeed. The masses have to step aside for him. Vim is always demanded and when it is considered that this embraces honesty and all the other good qualities, it is not surprising to find that all employers are looking for men with this trait of character. He is the man who makes his mark in the city where he resides. We refer to Mr. Richard McCabe a star graduate of the Rome school."

No, gentle reader, it is not an obituary notice, and the subject of it is a very much alive young man. It savors of a country paper write-up that struck the Sidney chronicler of a small beer talk, and second-hand notices as something he could use by running in the name of one of his friends, instead of using the name that appeared in the original.

The author is most "amusing," as Artemus Ward used to say, when he least intends to be. The other day he wrote of a surprise party he attended, but it did not even give the name of a young lady surprise, but used a "pen" name, known to a small circle only,

and lost himself in a maze of bouquets. Alas!

The *California News* expresses itself right out aloud in reference to Americans and the Chinese School. The *News*, while not unduly radical, is generally straight from the shoulder.

When we stop to consider it, the *News* is far from wrong.

The little schools started so far, confess their helplessness, and state that it is the veriest drop in a tremendous bucket.

It would seem then that the money spent would best be invested in a campaign to force on the Chinese Government the necessity of educating its deaf-mute children.

But if work is done among the Chinese Deaf-Mutes, I, for one, think that it should be purely educational, and that the light instilled in the dulled little minds, should be light of the Gospel that teaches honoring of the parents, first, last and all the time. A veritable stone wall is built when the education is given that teaches that the religion of those around the deaf is all wrong. There are several hundred million Chinese, many more hundred millions of others of the Yellow race, and if they believe in Confucianism, Hindooism, Mohammedism, or Buddhism, or any of the other isms, "there's a reason," and it goes back so many hundred years that it is a very Gibraltar of a reason.

Educate them first, and convert them, if you must, when they are old enough to understand. Even the animal kind love and fight for their offspring. How would we regard a stranger's coming from a foreign land to educate our children and to teach them that all our ancestors were consigned to eternal damnation!

But I have never read of anything bearing on this subject but what dear Mrs. Jellyaby comes to my mind.

I believe the Statesmen of the Chinese Kingdom will be glad to provide for the education of Chinese deaf-mutes, when the way is pointed out how to make good Chinese citizens of them.

China for the Chinese!

They are wise enough to educate the flower of their race abroad. Their men trained in the Arts of Science, War and Education, were sent here; to England, to Continental Europe, where they received the highest training. They have diplomats that rank with ours.

It's a tremendous field, this teaching the so-called "heathen" race their duties toward their own, and we want to start in just as soon—

As soon as we get through in these, our own United States.

Got any loose funds laying around you want to give away?

Write to any school superintendent and he will tell you of little ones unable to acquire an education, for reasons that will touch your heart.

Every head of every school for the deaf in the country knows of cases where poverty's pinch keeps little minds dwarfed for lack of an education.

In many almshouses are poor old deaf-mutes, racked in body and tortured in mind by things you never dreamed of. A deaf minister working in Pennsylvania, once told me that the extent of the tears of poverty among the poor deaf were almost unbelievable.

The demands of unemployed deaf-mutes, and the sick and the unfortunate among just the horizon of work of but one congregation takes all that they can earn, and raise and beg, and yet there is much left undone, and many sore yearnings left unsatisfied.

Says the *New York Herald*, of February eighth:

We pour out money to send far away to sufferers made homeless by the earthquake. The further away the wider our purse strings draw apart. Well and good—let the work go on by all means but right here in New York ten thousand died last year unnecessarily. They died, endangering the lives of ten thousand more. Why? Because there was no money to provide a place for those doomed people where they might go either to be cured or to die in comfort and not a menace to every one else in the home."

Right here in New York ten thousand tuberculosis victims died and endangered the lives of ten thousand more!

Any sense in sending money to China in the light of this fact?

Never in the history of the silent people of this city have there been so many diversions. Hardly a Saturday night goes by but what one church or club, or organization, holds some sort of a public affair.

Looming up biggest were the balls of the Brooklyn Club, and the League of Elect Surds. Both had big attendance, and both came out "all to the good."

The Surds usually make their double event a play or something of that kind precedes the dancing, and the whole evening is one of enjoyment. More than that, it is an alumni reunion of the boys and girls of long ago. All the old-timers, with few exceptions, come to the Surd's ball, because they are sure to meet old associates that they never meet anywhere else. At this last affair there were many happy greetings of this kind, and sedate mammas to the number of a dozen or more that I counted myself, were the belles of a quarter of a century ago, when everybody went to the old Manhattan Literary Association ball. I was an amused onlooker when two stately, and I might say stoutly, matrons, though one was more generally gifted with avordupois than the other, greeted each other, and both kept asking if each was really the other. They were mere slips of girls just out of school when they met last, two decades ago, and, well for once old time was a liar, for they sure—gee, but this is delicate ground!

The re-unions are just like Alumni Day at a college, and the old boys are gladder than the girls, at least they have more expressive ways of showing it down stairs where they can rest one foot on a length of gas pipe and say "here."

The weekly lectures, debates, socials, talks and the like, are things of such frequency that one, who attempted to attend all would find himself worn out by the effort. The old timer looks back to his Thursday evening outing on a literary lark in the Guild room of old St. Ann's, and his Sunday that begun with attendance at St. Ann's, and then the "Amen Corner" at the Fifth Avenue Hotel—a gathering, the like of which will never be repeated in New York again. Then came dinner at Smith & Green's or Trainor's and the evening was finished at the Gallaudet Club. St. Ann's is gone. The Fifth Avenue is no more. The building that housed the Gallaudet Club was razed to make way for a modern structure. Smith & Green's (now called White's) tho' the pompous old colored waiters have been displaced by white girls. Trainor's has lost its old prestige.

Sure the old timer can grieve for the good old days before the coming of the clubs, associations and other innovations, that has brought about the dozen odd groups where we used to be one body.

Again, and for the third time in a comparatively short space of time, a New York deaf man has resorted to self-murder to end his existence. This time the victim was Herman Heerdt, and his method was theatric in extreme. At the height of the rush hour at a busy East side elevated station, allowing several locals to pass, he threw himself under the wheels of an express, which he knew meant instantaneous death. In another second his earthly career was ended.

So far as is known his home life was happy and besides a charming wife he had a three-year old child. He generally had employment and added to his income by importing calendars which he sold to business men. Often he found evening employment.

By nature and temperament Mr. Heerdt was sunny, genial, and in many ways lovable. Up to a couple of years ago, he was a member of the League of Elect Surds, and retired to give himself more time with his family.

The three deaf men who ended their lives of their own accord were all good church men. Two were active in the Presbyterian congregation and one was affiliated with St. Ann's Church. In each instance the resolve to end all seems to have been made and executed at once. Even the consolation of religion seems not to have stayed the rash deed.

In each instance it would seem that there was a moment of temporary aberration of the mind and this sudden insanity—this intervention of a strain to the breaking point of the self-governing control resulted in self-destruction. In two instances this was brought about by pistol shots.

When one of these deplorable tragedies occur there are always those who say they are not surprised.

And yet I doubt the literal truth of such a remark. It is a matter of surprise, and a shocking surprise, when a fellow deaf man ends his career without even giving a hint that he is in trouble.

The healthier the man, and the more normal he is, he is shown by his ability to surmount obstacles. In the case of a deaf man who is a good "mixer," who is not clannish, and who can see a little way beyond his own horizon, his own little circle, club or church, if he is not able to surmount a difficulty or meet an emergency in one way, he will in another and he will not hesitate to seek advice and help in one quarter or another; and he will get it.

One of the saddest of life's calamities is self-destruction. The acts that lead up to the final mad act are beyond our power of comprehension. The strain under which the mad one acts must be one of life's unsolvable mysteries. What torture and agony of mind precedes it, we can only conjecture!

An Effective Way With Tramps

A humorous old friend of mine has invented an effective method of dealing with the tramp (says a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*). It is obstinate artificial deafness. I saw it in action the other day. My friend was pottering about in his garden when a "roadster" clicked the gate and came up to him. "Can yer spare a copper for a pore feller?" "Eh?" said my friend, making a painful effort to hear. "Can yer spare—" the tramp repeated in a raised voice. "What's that?" said my friend. "Speak up. You want work?" The tramp gave a sort of despairing shout and backed out muttering, "The old bloke's deaf as a door."—*The British Deaf Times*.

Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not entirely without it.—*Waverley*.

Daughters of Well-known Deaf Men

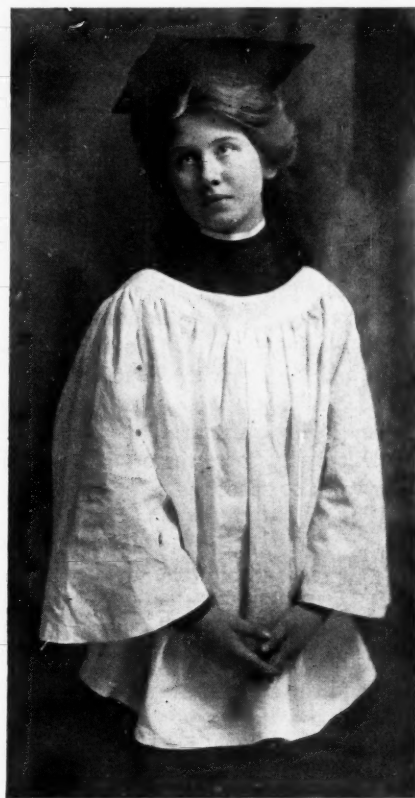


PHOTO BY PACH

MISS FLORENCE L. HODGSON,
Daughter of Edwin A. Hodgson, M.A., Editor of the
Deaf-Mutes' Journal, who graduated last
month from the Wadleigh High School.

She has not only passed the Wadleigh High School examination in all studies, but also the Regent's Examination, the requirements of which is that one must get a high percentage in all subjects. A considerable proportion of the girls failed. Miss Hodgson was president of her section of the Senior Class, Secretary of the Greek Letter Sorority, Kappa Phi Sigma, and President of the Wadleigh Dramatic Society. All of these organizations are the official ones of the High School. She missed being elected President of the Graduation Class by a few votes, and the reason given was that the older girls of the class thought her too young for that high honor. She is now attending the New York Training School for Teachers.

Miss Hodgson is in her seventeenth year. She is not only a beautiful young woman but has a lovable disposition that makes friends for her wherever she goes. Her manner of handling the sign-language and the manual alphabet would rank her as high as a teacher of the Deaf. She made several dramatic hits at Wadleigh, and she cares more for literature than she does for art, and it is her intention to specialize in English at Columbia University. Another object of devotion is Edwin Hodgson Tucker, her little nephew, son of her sister Beatrice, who with her husband, and the subject of this sketch, make up the household of Mr. Hodgson.

So flits the world's uncertain span!
Nor zeal for God, no love for man,
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.

—*Rokeby*.

The Late President Cleveland and The Deaf Postmaster

Whether the Deaf realize it or not they certainly have among people in general, and men of large calibre and large affairs in particular, those who are fully cognizant of the handicap imposed by deafness, and, what is still more, they show a readiness at times that is surprising to do all in their power to help to make up for it. This fact is well illustrated in the story of ex-President Cleveland and the deaf postmaster in Virginia. Mr. Cleveland refused a whole Virginia delegation to remove the deaf postmaster, irrespective of party, because he believed that so long as the deaf man did his work well, it was no more than a matter of simple justice to leave him where he was. While the delegation was at the White House, the following is part of the dialogue that took place:—

"What is the name of the postmaster?" inquired the President.

"Turner," replied Jones, who was head man.

"Is he Deaf and Dumb?" asked the President.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And you want to turn him out? Well, that ends it! I won't do it. There are two thousand post offices in Virginia. You may have nineteen hundred and ninety-nine of them. This one is mine. . . . Tuning him out would be as mean as striking a woman. I will not do it."

Having said this the President turned on his heel and walked away leaving the delegation utterly dumbfounded.

This story should encourage the Deaf to get in with the right kind of people, and make themselves worthy of their esteem by industry and right living.

Of course there are persons whose intelligence may even be above the average who are so "small," and whose moral obliquity is so great that they are always ready to make a tool of the Deaf if they are weak, or use their influence against them in case the Deaf do not please them for various reasons, usually unworthy ones, or because they may happen to get in a way of their accomplishment of some wrong or selfish purpose; but fortunately such persons are few and far between. Whether they are or not, they sooner or later bring down upon themselves the merited contempt of all respectable people.—*Silent World (England)*.

Locomotive Whistle Signals

Just one long blast on the whistle,—this style,
Is a sign of nearing town,
A railway crossing or junction, maybe;
And this,— the brakes whistled down.

Two long — — — are just the reverse of the last;
And this — — — the engine's reply,
When word comes from the conductor to stop,
A sort of cheerful Ay! Ay!

These three — — — will show when the train comes apart;

This — — — means two different things:
That the train will back, or asks you to note
Some special signal it brings.

These four — — — belong to the flagman alone,

And these — — — are meant for the crew;

But this one — — —, when crossing a road at a grade.

More nearly interests you.

Five short ones — — — say to a flagman on guard,

"Look out for a rear attack!"

And a lot like this — — —, that a heedless cow

Or a deaf man's on the track!

—*The Technical World*.

Silent Worker

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ALL CONTRIBUTIONS must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SILENT WORKER is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

We are watching with envious eyes the two-hundred-thousand dollar gymnasium that is going up on the grounds of the North-western University.

Moving Pictures

THE moving-picture exhibition is one of the best entertainments in the world for the deaf and one of the worst, all depending upon the character of the pictures.

Different

WHILE we are at our wits end as to how to procure another building, the Indiana School for the Deaf is putting up twenty-two new ones at an outlay of about an even million of dollars.

Must Have Used it Up

THE Illinois School for the Deaf received as one of its presents, at Christmas, a whole barrel of mistletoe. Now, mistletoe is all very well, but like musk, a little bit of it goes a good ways, and we can hardly conceive of a staid old school, like that in Jacksonville, finding use for such a quantity. And yet none of it, that we have heard of, has found its way to any other school.

One or the Other

THE first impressions of the automobile, as obtained by the senior editor of the *Dakota Banner*, have not been altogether favorable. He mentions among his recent experiences four run-aways, two broken ribs, a painfully evident scar on his face and eight hundred dollars expense. With a little more practice he will probably either learn to run a machine or share the fate of the man who blew out the gas.

The Reason

THE great falling off in the death-rate in schools for the deaf during the past few years is due no doubt, largely, to the establishment

of infirmaries in connection with every school, and to the employment of thoroughly trained nurses. The quarantine has just been raised at the Illinois School where they have just had over a hundred cases of scarlet-fever. Though this disease is quite a malignant one, but a single fatality marked its course there.

Too Much of a Good Thing

THE time is ripe for a petition from the teachers and school children of our country that no more holidays be added to the already long list. Youth is brief and time is precious, and there is ample opportunities in the evening to honor the memory of the great man whose birth occurred just so many years before, without frittering away the whole mortal day wishing for some good fairy to come along and amuse us. There are a lot too many holidays already, and it is to be hoped, at least, that the line be drawn where it is. Our country is rapidly developing great men, and if we do not call a halt pretty soon, there will be no days left for work or school.

The Fault

CHARACTER is made by environment, and we never get too old to rub off the personal traits of those around us. More especially are children influenced by the people with whom they associate and the amount of good or harm that is done by the teacher is simply incalculable. Children naturally imbibe her personality, and it is not long before her whole nature is reflected in the little one under her control. If it happens, and such a thing has happened, that she is a dissatisfied, grumbling, scolding, irritable, disparaging, fault-finding, pessimistic one, woe betide the child! These characteristics are, if anything, more readily imbibed than the good ones, and there is developed a character just the reverse of what we expected from education, one wholly the fault of the teacher.

Possible Trouble Ahead

THE Evanston Woman's Club is a most progressive body. It takes a deep interest in civics, is an ardent worker for everything in the way of public improvement, keeps an eye on all local and state legislation, and puts itself squarely on record in all matters relating to the public weal. It has just declared itself in favor of the instruction of girls in the manly art of self-defense by an overwhelmingly affirmative vote on the proposition:

Resolved, That girls should be taught to box.

The resolution was introduced by Mrs. Catharine Waugh McCulloch, a woman Justice of the Peace, and the reasons urged for scientific instruction in the branch were, that such preparation would be good training for housework, that it would make them able to defend themselves when attacked, and that it would be of immense advantage to them in the handling of their husbands.

This will be all very well, very well, indeed, if the young men of Evanston do not also

turn their attention to the art. If they do, we think we can foresee trouble in the families of Evanston ere long, and lots of work for Mrs. Catharine Waugh McCulloch in her magisterial capacity.

How it Differs From the School

THE many elaborate articles furnished of late by the "deaf press" to show that the school for the deaf is not an 'eleemosynary institution' have almost convinced us that it really is not; and yet there are reasons for the contention of the State that it be so classed. The public school furnishes simply a teacher and a school-room. The institution for the deaf furnishes in addition to these, board, lodging, medical and surgical care, nursing, dental attention, the services of an oculist and aurist, entertainment, and frequently clothing; so that if it is not a wholly eleemosynary institution it is something that comes precious near, in many cases, to that exact thing.

Time to Call A Halt

IT is estimated that, in spite of all restrictions, the old world is unloading "dependents" upon the state of New York, at the rate of five a day. Certain it is that she cares for 30,000 of the unfortunate class, at an annual expense of \$5,000,000, and that many of these are direct importations. That New Jersey is also a sufferer from this cause cannot be doubted, many of the cases finding their way across the river and into our own charitable institutions.

It was the sense of the late convention at Ogden that "schools for the deaf should appropriate funds to send to each meeting a delegation composed of a trustee, the superintendent and literary and industrial instructors." To have to spend all your savings for the year in attending the annual convention is a sort of deterrent.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the copy of "Out of the Silence," just received from J. Schuyler Long, of the Council Bluffs School. It is an ambitious little volume of Mr. Long's own verse, and is well worth the modest price (\$1.25) asked for it.

THE motor is fast supplying the place of the horse upon ranch and farm, and it will not be long ere pretty much everything in the way of rounding up, ploughing, harrowing, and the like, will be done by power.

The *Saturday Evening Post* now issues a million copies a week. A "right smart" circulation, that.

NEXT Teachers' Meeting, March 16th.

Precious Gifts

Happy shall be his life on earth,
And like a song, his days shall run,
To whom God gives the myrrh of mirth
And frankincense of fun.

Frank D. Sherman.

School and City

March winds.

A new President.

Three months till vacation.

The first robin arrived last week.

The lawns are rapidly turning green.

We do wonder what has become of our owl.

Our boys are still having good success at basket-ball.

"Shinny" has, of late, become quite the vogue with the boys.

The weather, hereabouts, has been phenomenally warm for the season.

Miss Edna Pullen has been substituting for Miss Hall during the past week.

Eddie Mayer who was so ill a week ago with pneumonia, is rapidly recovering.

There has been but two half days of skating during the whole of the past winter.

It is astonishing how successful our boys and girls are at their trades, after leaving us.

Mrs. Mayer, Mrs. Metzler, and Miss McClay were among our visitors last week.

The little girl who asked for "plaster" at the desk, a few days ago, meant mucilage.

Mr. Sharp now receives a daily weather report from the Weather Bureau in Philadelphia.

Edward Wegryzn's cousin, John Olcheirski, took part in an athletic act at Keith's theatre last week.

The children are watching their pennies to see who will get the first one with Lincoln's head on it.

The boys are overhauling their gloves, bats, and balls, preparatory to the opening of the base-ball season.

Two boxes, and a big batch of picture postals helped to make Freida Heuser's birthday a happy one.

Quite a number of the boys and girls are promised visits from relatives and friends at Easter.

Carmine Pace's resume of the life of Samuel was really a very commendable piece of literary work.

It is reported that William Flannery has a position on the rail-road. Rather dangerous work for Willie.

The works of Kipling are at present receiving the attention of Arthur Blake, and he pronounces them "fine."

If Samuel Eber's ambitions are attained, he will be one of the best amateur batsmen in the country, this season.

The silk waist finished by Hattie Alexander, recently, is a piece of work that would be a credit to any dressmaker.

The pussy-willows are all out and many of the trees are budding. Should there come a cold spell, what havoc would it work.

The girls are looking forward with a great deal of interest to their game of basket-ball with the Pennington team on the 12th.

Miss Dellicker is improving rapidly and if there is no further complication, doubtless will be back to her class in a very short time.

Dawes Sutton is very proud of the last letter he got from his sister Della. It is pretty near a mile long and just full of interesting news.

The study-hour is all too short for many of the advanced pupils and they have to supplement it with a part of their recreation time.

The children have already discovered that they will have eleven holidays in May, five Saturdays, five Sundays, and Decoration Day.

We are shaking in our shoes lest the legislature should make no provision for increased accommodations.

George Bedford does not hold dogs in the high esteem he formerly did. One of them killed his cat, the other day.

Theodore Eggert was a visitor last week. His father and mother have returned from Reading, Ohio, to their old home in Bayonne.

Robert Logan has just finished a handsome oak tabouret, and is now engaged on four small tables, which he expects to finish this month.

One of Mabel Zorn's brightest anticipations for the summer is another trip to Avon-by-the-sea, where she sojourned so happily for a week, last year.

Anthony Zachman claims to have received the nicest valentine that came to the school, and we do not know but that he is right. It was a dollar bill.

The boys and girls live upon the lawns, when not in school these bright days, and the effect of it is seen in ruddy cheeks, bright eyes, and splendid health.

A new use has been found for new oak seats in the gymnasium. By placing the planks across the trusses, five "teeters" are made for the smaller children.

Mary Winger thinks our genial steward, Mr. Hearnen, resembles Mr. Taft. There may be some little general resemblance but Mr. Taft certainly has the weight.

Mr. Walker lectured at All Souls' Church in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 18th, to a large audience of the deaf of that city. His subject was "Rock Foundations."

It has not been decided yet just how we will spend our day in Philadelphia, this year; but the interesting spots in the park will probably claim the most of our attention.

The desk, in process of construction by our wood-workers, is going to be a beauty. The markings of the material of which it is made are as pretty as any we have ever seen.

The re-union on the evening of Washington's birthday was a very bright affair. All except the tiniest tots attended and the games and marches were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

It isn't often that we have a thunder-storm in mid-winter, but we had a beauty on the 17th. To add to its wildness, a number of car-barns to the east of us were struck and destroyed by fire.

Among our callers on the 22nd were Mr. German, Mrs. Smith, Miss Hanlon, Mr. and Miss Hansen, and Mrs. Harrison, and all seemed greatly pleased with the condition of the school.

The girls told Miss Cornelius that if she would go over to the Organ Recital at Bethany, on Thursday evening, they would be as good as pie while she was gone, and they kept their word.

Mr. Vail, who, for so many years, has held the position of night-watchman with us, is lying critically ill at his home, and it, probably, will be some time ere he is able to resume the duties of his position.

The decorum of the children has never been better than during the past month. The fact that "demerits" bar pupils from participation in the Nature Study and Recreation trips has a considerable bearing.

Mr. Walker caught a large bat on the third floor of the Main Building Monday evening. He put him in his office, intending to show him in the chapel, the following morning, but his bat-ship disappeared during the night.

The stereograph, with its long line of pictures, is a perennial source of pleasure to May Lotz, Esther Woelper, Catherine McKeon, Josephine Kulikowski, Catherine Tierney and Ida Keator. They never tire of looking at them.

The Civil Service examination for the position of Night Watchman will be held on the 13th of March, when an appointment will be made to fill the position, during the absence of Vail. Mr. George Hanthorn is temporarily in charge of the work.

Minnie Brickwedel says that she always wonders when she sees a bird singing, what it is like, and that she wishes she could hear one of those robins when he gets up on the cross-trees of the flag-pole and sings his evening roundelay, just once.

The lecture, Sunday morning, on "stealing" presented a number of new thoughts. It showed us how not only goods and money might be taken, but, also, that one may rob another of his good name, of his happiness and even of his character.

Francis Phalon and Jemima Smith are the dining-room mamas, at present, and Raymond Carney, Charles Colberg and Bennie Abram are officiating on the boys' side. It is a real pleasure to note the thorough and prompt way they dispatch their duties.

Freida Heuser says that the best thing in the world to relieve ennui is five cents worth of molasses candy. We don't know how it would do for "grown-ups" but we know, from every day experience, that it does put a child in a very pleasant frame of mind.

Among the most interesting features of the entertainment on the evening of Washington's birthday were the Lulaby of Jemima Smith and Agnes Reilly, the Chataquan March of Mamie German, Lillian Leaming and Ida Reed, Old Virginia by Charles Quigley and the Wing Dance of little Elias Scudder.

Julia Ann Belcher and Dorothy Dawson were received as pupils last week. Julia is from Hackensack and Dorothy's home is in Elizabeth. Every bed is now occupied on the girls' side. The boys' department has been over-crowded ever since the opening of the term.

There was considerable solicitude in the house of Thompson, at Point Pleasant, when Neddy disappeared recently, and remained away all night. The most worrisome thing about it was that he could give no account of his wanderings upon his return. But then Neddy is only a cat, and we must not expect too much of cats.



(THE OWL'S ADDRESS IS YONKERS, N. Y.)

All Hail IT would appear that this "All Hail to the American Deaf" has been a little overdone. Not until a victory has been won completely and decisively should aeroplane shouts rise on the air. President Roosevelt has made a slight concession in the civil service discrimination against the deaf, throwing off his own shoulders all responsibility in regard to persons eligible to take examination for government positions and shifting same entirely on the Commissioners, they to use their own judgment as to what positions a deaf man can fill. As the Civil Service Commissioners have all along been antagonistic to the deaf, they would certainly continue to show the same spirit in the future as in the past. It would make interesting reading to the deaf if the Commissioners would prepare a list of government positions which they THINK the deaf can take examination for and fill with credit should they obtain the seven and zero mark in examination. Then the Commissioners would not appoint a deaf man on the job, even if he had a rating of 90 per cent, when there happened to be a dozen hearing men on the certified lists with percentages below 80. All the same, I am quite sure that the concession obtained from the President will not help the deaf one whit.

An Innovation LAST summer the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb had one of its graduates deliver the Baccalaureate address to the class—Rev. John H. Keiser. Mr. Keiser was then a deacon in the Episcopal Church. On December 20th he was ordained to the ministry. Since the above occurrence I have often thought it would be a grand idea if our Institutions for the Deaf could annually call upon some one of its accomplished graduates to deliver the Baccalaureate address to the graduating class, the Principal of the School to attend to the religious part of the service. It would be a fitting recognition on the part of their *Alma Mater* to so honor those of its graduates who had risen in the world. It would prove a stimulus to the present day pupils also by urging them to strive for and obtain a higher degree of attainment.

Value of a Name WE surmise that our old friend, Frank P. Gibson will not accept the defy of one Byers, Supt. of the Ohio Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, and plank down a hundred dollars to have a Holstein bull named after him. Mr. Gibson would sooner give up the cash to the worthy Home and kill the full-blooded bull for a grand barbecue in 1910 along the banks of the Fountain DeBoile (boiling river) in Colorado. Mr. Gibson's great crime against Supt. Byers and his cattle consisted of criticising the naming of the Ohio Home's bovines after notable deaf-mutes. I agree with the criticism and more, too. The death of the "Helen Keller heifer," as stated, "owing to too much dry feed," averted strange reading in the registered stock books of Ohio. —Example:—Holstein Bull, ALBERTUS, Re-

gistry No. 28756—December 10, 1907—Sire, OHIO BOY; dam MADAME BUTTERINE; etc., etc., over a long pedigree. Imagine the names given as sires and dams to be the names of prominent deaf men and women. The lesson is complete.

Over Zealous Press Agents

WHEW! But these are halcyon days for the over-zealous press agents and the over-worked weekly newspapers for the deaf. As if the sensible advertisements on the last page of the paper generally, were not enough for the enlightenment of a long suffering public, they have to wade through the long drawn out reading notices in the news columns almost every week wherein the press agent shines particularly bright in calling the public's attention to his wonderful abilities, topping it all off with an advertisement of an author and his book and the price to hear HIS lecture at 25 cents admission. It took a quarter column of solid ten point type recently to tell the tired public that "Samson" was not a "Biblical play." We never heard of such a term before. There are many plays founded upon incidents stated in the Bible and "Samson" is one of them. The incident, which is the climax of one of the principal scenes on the stage, and the real foundation upon which the story is founded, being:—

"And Samson said, With the jawbone of an ass, heap upon heaps, with the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men."—Judges xv:16.

Judicious advertising in display type always pays well, but it often occurs that by the time the over-zealous press agent finishes his weekly reading notices, the public knows all about what is going to happen, and intending patrons stay at home. Then we may hear of a *third request* to repeat the "soul-stirring" story. Aint is awful, Billy Possum?

It is extremely painful to see in public print a letter written by Olof Hanson, following his masterful effort to curb the civil service discrimination against the deaf suggesting that the Executive Committee of the N. A. D. appropriate \$50 to further the circulation of the *Deaf American*, in order that its editorials might be read by people intended for. Whether intended for a joke or not, Mr. Hanson well knows the treasury of the N. A. D. is bankrupt, or very nearly so.

The writer who bobs up now and then in print under the *nom de plume* of "Public Good," seeking to draw out Tilden on various points of his Federation Plan, reminds me of a hen that set up a noisy cackling as the corner stone was being laid for an imposing edifice in the suburbs. The incident was remarked upon and one of the officials said: "Guess that hen thinks she had something to do with the laying of the corner stone."

The N. A. D. Committee of Fifteen is still cutting and pasting. Meanwhile the deaf public is still looking and waiting. All hail to the American Deaf!!

R. E. MAYNARD.

It's Superb

I have just received your magazine—it's superb! I envy you and have never felt like breaking the tenth commandment so much, as, when I had gone thro' the "S. W."! I shall keenly look forward to it every month, it's like a tonic.

M. S. FRY, Editor *Silent World*.
BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

Phil Morin's Letter

Nothing has occurred in a long time, that has so shocked and aroused the sympathies of the civilized world as has the great earthquake in Sicily and Southern Italy. Humanity in other parts of the world has been prompt to respond in the appeal for aid. It is with satisfaction that we note that our country has been foremost in the work of relief.

The fraternal societies have been to the front in the work, the Order of Elks being early in the lists with a good sized check for \$10,000.

Now let us look at this awful catastrophe and consider what it would mean to us. The sudden taking away of 100,000 to 200,000 lives must be a terrible blow to any community. How would such a thing affect our fraternal societies? It would doubtless be the cause of heavy loss financially as well as greatly decrease the membership roll. Progress would be at a standstill for the time being. Enemies of fraternal societies such as are now attempting to prejudice the deaf against their having a society of their own, who do not wish the deaf to have the prestige of conducting their own affairs; who wish them to have societies that are run only upon the social plan as the state associations are, which are also biased in favor of one method of education and run by a few who use the many to promote their own interests, and who think it is wrong for their own interests to follow a policy of strict non-interference in educational and religious affairs, will doubtless use this, one of the greatest tragedies, if not the greatest, in the history of the world, in an attempt to prove the fraternal societies could not survive such an affair. They may say that the societies would be disrupted financially, and so they would if one were to look at the matter from their biased and prejudiced point of view. But it is hardly probable that a society of say 35,000 members in Italy or any other country of the world, could be so unfortunate as to have their entire membership wiped off the face of the earth at one stroke. It is not possible that the entire list of members can be found living in that particular part of the country where the earthquake occurred. We learn from the reports of the disaster that whole families were wiped out, that the dead lay piled in the ruins and debris so badly maimed, disfigured and charred, by the falling walls and fires which followed the earthquake as to be unrecognizable. We must understand from this that the society cannot be made to pay claims unless the members whose death claims are demanded can be identified. The society cannot be called upon to pay claims when both the member and his beneficiary are dead, unless provision was made in his will to cover such a case. Nevertheless the society would suffer great loss, though not so great as the opponents of the fraternal societies would magnify it.

It is with regret that we read of Mr. Cloud's reference to the machine. We believe in it thoroughly when used for the good of the entire society, but not when it is used to perpetuate certain men in office.

"A machine is an organization that is calculated to do the work of an hour in five minutes."

The N. F. S. D. cannot do better than to run its coming convention at Louisville by machine. The first business of the convention should be the presentation of credentials by the delegates of the various divisions, and the examination of the same by the officers. Next, should be the seating of the delegates and presentation of badges or other designs to identify them from members who are not delegates. Then should come the report of officers and appointment of committees, (only delegates to be elected on committees) the members thereof to be elected by the convention (not appointed by the president). This will do away with the possibility of the president or other officials appointing only such men as are favorable to them or their plans. There should be a committee on finance, a committee on legislation, a grievance committee, a committee on resolutions, etc. Every resolution should go

to the proper committee which shall retire and consider and vote on them and then report to the convention. If such report is favorable it shall be accepted by the convention as "carried." Any delegate shall have the right to take the floor, if he so desires, and take exceptions to the committee and carry any motion or resolution to the convention providing he is seconded. If he fails of a second the committee's report shall be considered as accepted. If seconded, the president in his judgment shall allow a reasonable time for discussion as is consistent with the importance of the measure, after which it shall be put to a vote. The result shall be accepted as final by those present. The committees shall be given all bills, resolutions, or other business that is to be acted upon, before they retire to consider the same, not each measure separately. When the committees retire, the convention should take a recess until they return.

A perfect working machine will do away with the waste of time and expense.

"Anything, any organization or anyone that is not well enough put together to withstand the ravages of life should die and does."

The N. F. S. D. needs a perfect working machine, which shall be for the good of the society.

Mrs. Barret is most enthusiastic in behalf of the welfare of her sex. We must admire her and most sincerely at that. She once bewailed the fact that the N. F. S. D. did not admit women to membership.

There are doubtless many other high spirited women like her.

Said an ex-officer of the N. F. S. D.:—"There are many women who would make much better frats than their husbands. Some day I hope some provision will be made for them.

The Ladies at Louisville have organized an auxiliary to assist their husbands to entertain the visitors next summer.

If Mrs. Barrett, and others like her, will get the women-folk together and discuss the matter among themselves and make a definite statement as to what they want, and address it to the proper parties at the convention in Louisville, doubtless something will be done, but before we know what is wanted, we men cannot act. Women can be formed into a Ladies' Auxiliary in a way beneficial to them.

In Dalton, Mass., Christmas, quite a few deaf-mutes were met. One, Daniel Murray is a member of the Foresters of America. Another, John Trainor, is a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Both look upon the N. F. S. D. most favorably and may some day be found among the rank and file.

Another one met has a policy in a life insurance company for \$1,000, an endowment policy maturing after twenty years at the rate of 65 dollars a year, which figured up means that he will have to pay \$1,300 if he lives until it matures or \$1,300 to obtain \$1,000. There are doubtless many more like him all over the country. In this case it is the man's sister who is paying it, but he will have to do it himself if she dies, as he is afraid to join the N. F. S. D. Don't blame them; they did not know.

Let this be a campaign of education. Frats, if you cannot induce others to join the society, try and induce them to subscribe to the SILENT WORKER, our official organ, so they may learn and watch our growth and we will soon see them come flocking to our standard.

PHIL MORIN.

January 10, 1909.

The late Rev. Dr. Talmage seems to have studied the literature relating to the deaf and dumb, for in a sermon preached at Washington on February 10th, 1901, after referring to Ponce, Bonet, Braidwood, Mitchell, Peet and Gallaudet, he said:—"One of the most impressive audience I ever addressed was in the Far West, an audience of about six hundred persons, who had never heard a sound or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them."—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Who for sympathy may seek that cannot tell of pain.—*Harold, the Dauntless*.



PHOTO BY H. B. BRIMBLE

MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF THE PAS-A-PAS CLUB OF CHICAGO

"A Rondeau"

You say you love me and you lay
Your hand and fortune at my feet;
I thank you, sir, with all my heart,—
For love is sweet.

It is but little to you men
To whom the door of Life stands wide,
But much, how much to a woman! She
Has naught beside.

You make the world wherein you move;
You rule your tastes, or coarse or fine,
Dine, hunt or fish or waste your gold
At dice or wine!

Our world (alas you make that too!)
Is narrower—shut in four blank walls;
Know you or care you what light is there?
What shadow falls?

We read the last new novel out,
And live in dreamland till it ends.
We write romantic school girl notes,
That bore our friends.

We feed our birds, we tend our flowers,
(Poor indoor things of sickly bloom)
Or play the house-wife in our glores,
And dust the room.

But some of us have hearts and minds
So much the worse for us and you,
For grant one seek a better life
What can we do?

We cannot build and sail your ships,
Or drive your engines; we are weak,
And ignorant of the tricks of trade.
To think and speak,

"Alone" is ours and that you hate
So forced within ourselves again
We sigh and wait.

Ah! who can tell the bitter hours,
The dreary days that women spend;
Their thoughts unshared, their lives unknown,
Without a friend!

"Without a friend?" And what is he,
Who like a shadow, day or night,
Follow the woman he prefers
Lives in her sight?

Her lover:—he a gallant man
Devoted to her every whim!
He vows to die for her, so she
Must live for him!

We should be very grateful, sir,
That when you've nothing else to do,
You waste your idle hours on us;
So kind of you!

Profuse in studied compliments,
Your manners, like your clothes, are fine,
Though both at times are somewhat strong
Of smoke and wine!

What can one hope to know of you?
Or you of us? We act our parts;
We love in jest. It is the "play"
Of hands, not hearts.

You grant my bitter words are true,
Of others, not of you and me,
Your love is as steady as a star;
But we shall see.

You say you "love me," have you thought
How much these little words contain.
Alas! a world of happiness
And worlds of pain!

You know, or should, your nature now,
Its needs and passions. Can I be
What you desire me? Do you feel,
Your "all" in me?

You do. But have you thought that I
May have my ways and fancies too?
You love me; well, but have you thought,
If I "love you."

But think again, you know me not.
I, too, may be a "butterfly"—
A costly parlor "doll" on show
For you to buy!

You trust me wholly? One word more:
You see me young, they call me fair;
I think I have a pleasant face,
And pretty hair!

But by and by, my face will fade.
It must with time, it may with Care;
What say you to a wrinkled wife,
With thin grey hair?

You care not, you in youth or age,
Your heart is mine, while life endures;
Is't so? Then, "Donald," here's my hand,
My heart is yours!

"ANONYMOUS."



National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

(CHARTERED BY THE STATE OF ILLINOIS)

"The FRAT" DEPARTMENT



Edited by FRANCIS P. GIBSON, Room 3, 79 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
[To whom all communications should be addressed.]

DIRECTORY of BOARD of DIRECTORS

Of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.

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Secretary.....	E. I. Holycross, care The Winters Co
OLATHE DIVISION, OLATHE, KANSAS.	
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The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf is a fraternal beneficiary organization working on the lodge system, national in scope and, as its name implies, for deaf men only. It pays weekly sick and accident disability benefits of \$5 per week and a death benefit of \$500, under certain conditions set forth in its By-Laws. During the seven years of its existence it has paid out three death benefits and thousands of dollars in disability benefits. It also aims to uphold honor, fraternity and good citizenship and encourage social functions among its members through the various Divisions. Any Organizer of the Society will be glad to furnish printed matter or further information on request, the directory in another column giving their addresses. Enquiries from states having no State Organizer should be addressed to the General Organizer.

Editorial

Louisville—1909.

Are you a frat? If not, why not?

Constant upbuilding must continue in our ranks.

Our fraternal societies are exemplars of true beneficence.

A good motto for every member is: "Push, don't knock."

Some people know a great deal, but a whole lot of it isn't so.

Push! If you can't push—pull. If you can't pull, please get out of the way.—*Perry Smythe.*

In this great busy world of ours we cannot stand still. We must either go forward or backward.—*Ex.*

A man isn't really initiated into the N. F. S. D. until he catches some of the enthusiasm which has built it up.

He that gathered in the summer is a wise son, but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.—*Proverbs, 10:5.*

Death can stop your salary, but it can not prevent your benefit certificate from working for your family years after you are gone.

Insurance protection has come to be regarded as one of the great moral forces that make for character in men.—*The Bee Hive.*

One of the things a man can always get by looking for it is trouble—yet it passeth one's understanding as to why he should look for that.

Most of us can make a noise in the world, notwithstanding vocal handicaps, but the member who makes a noise like an application is the member who is doing his full share in the chorus.

From now to convention time there will be a good many official notices and other important matter to go into the Department so that we shall have to leave out or cut down the personal notes in future issues.

Secretary Fugate, of Louisville Division, will soon prepare an article for this Department outlining the program for convention week, attractions of the city and vicinity and giving other information of interest to prospective visitors.

"Fraternalism, like mother earth, gives and takes, gives and takes, in endless rotation, bringing forth the seed, then the bud and finally the flower which withers, dies and once again goes back into the earth as nourishment.—*Sovereign Visitor.*"

When Division officers or members have news for or other business with this department they will oblige and be more sure of its being received if they will send it direct to the editor and not enclose it with communications to other departments.

We are told that automobilists have to pay an extra premium for life insurance. If this is the case we do not think many of the deaf will be affected—but there are some occupations which ought to receive attention from the Society's Law Committee as being "hazardous."

For one-third of a century the great fraternal movement has been growing naturally, conservatively, safely, until now it includes over six millions of members and has distributed one billion dollars to the beneficiaries of the members. Yet it is practically on the threshold of its existence.—*Chariot.*

"Statistics Fraternal Societies," published by the Fraternal Monitor Publishing Co., of Rochester, N. Y., is a text book brimful with matter of interest to all fraternal members. The price is 75 cents, paper cover; \$1, leather cover, and it would be a good investment for any of our members. The 1909 edition will be ready about April 1.

David Starr, president of Stanford University, suggests the following motto for present adoption: "My message shall be an appeal to enthusiasm in things of life, a call to do things because we love them, to love things because we do them, to keep the eyes open, the heart warm and the pulse swift as we move across the field of life."

If each one does his share, overlooks the weaknesses of others, as he hopes they will ignore those of himself, and cultivates the spirit of cheerfulness, practically all of the ills which now disturb us will disappear. This applies to the individual, to the lodge, to the entire organization and, for that matter, to humanity itself.—*Fraternal Monitor.*

A man in the bucket was being drawn slowly from the bottom of a well when the man at the windlass suddenly stopped and was slow about starting. "Haul me up!" shouted the angry man in the bucket, or "I will cut the rope." This story from an old book is brought to mind when we hear members of fraternal beneficiary societies declare that they will "drop out," when some action of the management or the supreme camp does not please them or meet with their exact ideas of what should be done. Both are equally sensible. Better keep in the bucket and swear, if need be, but don't cut the rope.—*The Modern Woodman.*

Non-resident members who have been unable to take part in talks or discussions of the rate question

should, if they do not fully understand the proposed changes as outlined in this Department, communicate with their Division Secretaries, and ask for information. It is the duty of every member to have a clear and complete understanding of the proposed change as it effects each and every one.

From January 25 to February 2 the editor of this Department was making a flying trip through Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana. He was the guest of the Divisions at Columbus, Springfield, Dayton, Cincinnati and Louisville, addressing the members of each on the "rate question." Enroute home from Louisville he stopped off at Indianapolis and called on some of the leaders of the newly organized Division at that city. It means a great deal to be a frat in those states and getting back to headquarters and his duties there found him a stronger frat than ever, if that were possible. The hospitality and hearty welcome met with at every stop was of the kind one can look back upon with the most pleasant of reveries. He trusts that the "talks" given before the Divisions were the means of making the rates plainer to a good many.

Louisville is all convention talk and that her arrangements for the entertaining of the visitors there during that week will be of the kind to give everyone who attends a most profitable and enjoyable stay is a foregone conclusion—old time southern hospitality is a strong card with the members of No. 4. If there are any of our members who have hesitated about going—cast it to the winds and make your plans for a week in Louisville, and plan now.

Phil Morin's article on pages 88 and 89 of the February SILENT WORKER should be carefully read by each member of the Society, and by prospective members as well, as it gives a table of rates which is hard to improve upon. It also shows wherein the N. F. S. D. has done very well indeed in its progress, proving it by comparison with that of a strong "hearing" fraternal. Figures don't lie, we are told, and in this case the figures are all there to prove our contention that the N. F. S. D. has come to stay and that the adoption of the National Fraternal Congress table of rates will not only be necessary, but in addition be the best change and improvement possible for the Society to incorporate in its laws.

We owe Mr. Morin our thanks for laying such a concise and well written article before us and right here desire to state that the editor of this Department wishes to endorse the tables presented by him. In the \$250, \$500, \$750, \$1,000 classes there is provision for the members to choose the class which is best suited to their ability to meet the payments, and it also gives the older members, who feel that a higher rate is too much, the opportunity to choose a lower one, and decide for themselves the class, or amount of certificate, they wish to apply for.

Mr. Morin's article forestalls one the editor had in view for the April issue, which was to be on about the same lines, but he is pleased that it has come out at this time; it only gives us more time for the study and analysis we should give the matter. Summing up, our members should remember that the N. F. C. rates are "rock bottom." There is no going below them—no reducing them. Any rate the Society adopts *must* equal those of the N. F. C. It can add extra dues for sick and accident benefits, expenses, etc., but not go *below* the rates as given.

Grand Division Notes

Divisions when remitting for supplies, etc., should remit direct to the Grand Treasurer—not through the Financial Secretary.

Flint Division has elected as its delegates, E. Morris Bristol and Robert H. McLachlan.

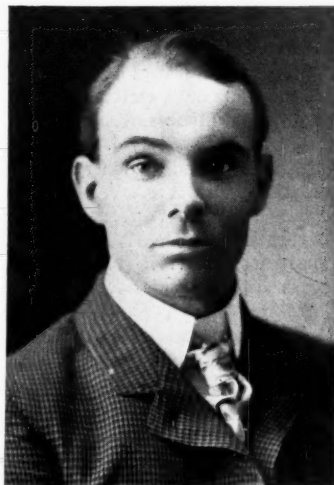
Cincinnati Division's delegates are Roy B. Conkling and Samuel Taylor, with Emil Schneider and Joseph A. Lawson as alternates.

Nashville Division reports the following as its list of officers for 1909: President, Gordon Midget; Vice-President, Burton Ray; Secretary, Joseph F. Turnbrow; Treasurer, Oliver Claggett; Director, Oliver Burke; Sergeant, William B. Lovell; Trustee, Jesse T. Warren.

The sum of \$56.60 was contributed by a collection among the members of the Various Divisions for the family of the late Charles H. Huhn and has been paid over to his beneficiary, his mother, Mrs. Fred J. Huhn.

In Rank and File

Harry P. Bailey is one of the oldest members of the Society—in length of membership—and has held office in the Grand Division and in Chicago and Saginaw Divisions. At present he is a non-resident member of Chicago Division, his home being in Steger, Ill., where he is a valued employe of the Steger Piano Co.



HARRY P. BAILEY

A graduate of the Michigan school about the time the Society was first organized, Mr. Bailey was quick to see possibilities ahead for the then struggling organization and, while for some time past living away from the home of his Division, has always remained loyal to his order.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey have a pretty home in Steger, blessed by one child, and the latch string is always out to their friends.

Division Notes and Personals

The gold watch raffled off by Chicago Division, February 6, was won by ticket No. 1237, held by Daniel Riordan, of Ottawa, Ill.

In the bowling match between a team of Chicago frats and Milwaukee visitors at Chicago, February 7, the Chicagoans were victors. A return match will be played at Milwaukee, February 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wallace, of Newport, Ky., are now the proud parents of a bouncing girl baby, who arrived last month.—*Deaf American*.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Burch are now living on a farm of their own at Southport, Ind.

Charles Miller, of Bay City, was run over and badly hurt by a team attached to a sleigh February 1st.

Columbus Division met at the home of Mr. Goldsmith February 6. E. I. Holycross, of Springfield, was present. Mrs. Goldsmith treated the members to a dainty lunch after the meeting.

Ohio notes from the *Chronicle*: Harry Augustus is well pleased with his work in Springfield; and it is said that if it proves better than his old place at the car works, he will remain. We hope not, for Dayton does not wish to lose such a good citizen....The Dayton N. F. S. D. bade farewell to Miller's Hall last Saturday, December 12th, and hereafter they will hold their regular meetings at the homes of the members of that organization, but they will con-

tinue to hold socials at that or some other hall. They say they intend to follow the example of the Columbus and Springfield divisions and start a bank account....H. P. Munday, accompanied by H. H. Alexander, of Springfield, made a business trip to Cincinnati recently....John Reinhardt, formerly of Springfield, the popular-priced tailor for men and women, is the busiest man in Bellefontaine, and no wonder. The writer has observed the fine work done in his pressing and cleaning establishment at 204 South Main street....Among the best equipped shops in Ohio is the Bellefontaine Shaving Parlor, located at the corner of Columbus and Main avenues. Mr. Frank Sickles, who owns a one-third interest in the shop, is a tonsorial artist of the highest class and knows what good work is....Saturday evening, December 5th, Columbus Division N. F. S. D. met at the residence of C. M. Rice and elected officers. The next meeting on January 3rd will be held at the home of Mr. Wark....Thursday evening, December 31st, from 5 to 12 o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rice gave an Oyster Supper and card party at their home, 865 Felton avenue for the benefit of the Columbus Division.

Kansas notes from the *Star*:—Messrs. J. Frank Carrol, of Kansas City, Mo., and P. Washington Haner, of Kansas City, Kan., were visiting friends in Olathe last Monday night. They are both first class printers....Mr. and Mrs. Sol H. Lantz are pleased with their new location in Wellington. Mr. Lantz has a steady job as a carpenter....Our friend Luther Taylor has been having trouble with one of his arms. At one time, we understand that the doctor feared blood-poisoning. We do not know how the arm was hurt, but we are glad to know it is getting better.

Michigan notes from the *Mirror*: Thomas Kenny who came to Flint from Jackson, Mich., last June, is employed in one of the departments of the Buick automobile factory....Fred Bourcier has opened a shop of his own in Saginaw and is reported to be doing very well. He has equipped his shop with some of the most up-to-date machinery....George Hansz, of Detroit, was given a surprise party on Saturday evening, November 21, by his friends in honor of his birthday. About fifteen invited guests were present, and a very enjoyable time was spent....Marshall Obee, of Flint, runs down to Detroit every few weeks to see his friends....Thomas Gray, from Illinois, is still with the Buick No. 1 at Flint in the engine department....Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McLachlan, of Flint, are now pleasantly ensconced in the new house which they have just finished.

Kentucky notes from the *Standard*: Julius H. Senn is the proud possessor of a camera and has become an "expert" in that line. Those wanting their pictures taken had better see him. His motto—First class work, Prices Reasonable and Satisfaction guaranteed....A Turkey Raffle was given by Mr. E. O. Herr at Robinson Hall, 17th and Main streets, Saturday evening, November 21st. A big crowd was in attendance and a neat sum was realized. Among the lucky ones to win turkeys were Mrs. Arthur Morse, Mr. E. O. Herr, Mr. Terry Page and Mrs. John H. Breedlove. A good time was had....Mr. Terry Page and family left for El Paso, Texas, not a long time ago. Mr. Page spent a few weeks in Louisville and paid a farewell visit to his *alma mater* before leaving Kentucky, probably never more to come back. Mr. Page is a fine young man and we are sorry to lose him. Kentucky's loss is Texas' gain....Mr. and Mrs. Blount spent their Christmas with relatives in Harrodsburg....Page Harris, of Covington, Ky., was here last week and attended the social. He told me that he would have a position as printer with Lloyd Scott in Smith Grove, Ky., after Xmas....The *Kansas Star* says an old pupil, Herbert Brewsaugh who was injured in an automobile accident in Texas, is a member of the Olathe Division of the N. F. S. D., and will therefore be eligible to sick benefit assistance from the Order....James Hughes is spending the winter in Louisville, his home city, having secured a position at the Avery Plow Factory and in his spare time he

plays at the 15 pool table, a game at which he is an expert when not on the diamond. Recently he signed a contract to play with the Jacksonville, Illinois club again next season. He came near leading the league in hitting last season, only to be nosed by others.

Treasurer's Report

From January 1 to 31, 1909.

BALANCES	
From last statement.....	\$4,805.58
RECEIPTS	
Semi-annual Interest.....	53.64
Financial Secretary A. M. Martin.....	673.20
Washington Barrow, Special Fund.....	28.85
Sale of button.....	.50
Transfer Card books.....	9.00

Total Balances and Receipts.....\$5,570.77

DISBURSEMENTS	
Sick and Accident Benefits.....	\$ 65.00
Headquarters gas bill.....	1.87
Headquarters rent.....	13.00
Board of Trustees' Expenses.....	1.25
President's Expenses.....	1.00
Seal, Indianapolis Division.....	1.75
Rubber Stamps.....	.75
January Silent Worker.....	30.55
Financial Secretary's Ledgers.....	5.00
Frat Department Expenses.....	1.00
Organizer's Expenses, J. J. Kleinhans.....	10.00
" " A. Brizius.....	10.00
" " Thomas McGinness.....	2.00
Janitor services.....	1.00
Printing stationery.....	1.50
Organizer Warren's Expenses.....	9.55
Frat Department mail-list.....	1.01
Corresponding Secretary's Expenses.....	4.00
Treasurer's Expenses.....	1.00

Total Disbursements.....\$ 161.23

RECAPITULATION	
Total Balances and Receipts.....	\$5,570.77
Total Disbursements.....	161.23

Total Balances, January 31.....\$5,409.54

Financial Secretary's Report

From January 1 to 31, 1909.

RECEIPTS	
Chicago Division.....	\$241.35
Detroit Division.....	53.90
Saginaw Division.....	7.15
Louisville Division.....	38.50
Little Rock Division.....	40.00
Nashua Division.....	15.80
Dayton Division.....	14.85
Bay City Division.....	6.05
Cincinnati Division.....	39.85
Evansville Division.....	75.00
Nashville Division.....	15.40
Springfield Division.....	24.60
Olathe Division.....	22.40
Flint Division.....	22.25
Toledo Division.....	11.55
Milwaukee Division.....	25.85
Columbus Division.....	5.50
Michigan City Division.....	3.30
Knoxville Division.....	4.40
Cleveland Division.....	5.50

Total Receipts.....\$673.20

DISBURSEMENTS	
Forwarded to Treasurer Barrow.....	\$673.20

January Disability Claims

Edward G. Smith, Haverhill, Mass.....	\$20.00
Diphtheria.....	
Henry B. Plunkett, Milwaukee, Wis.....	15.00
Injured Knee.....	
William H. McMillan, Chicago Ill.....	30.00
Valvular Enlargement of the Heart.....	

Total for the month.....\$65.00

Annual Statement

For the year ending December 31, 1908, made to the Insurance Department of the State of Illinois.

Balance from previous year.....\$3,066.50

INCOME	
Gross amount annual dues.....	3,685.00
Gross amount membership fees.....	620.00

Total paid by members.....\$4,305.00

FROM OTHER SOURCES	
Interest from banks.....	76.87
Rent from Headquarters.....	12.00
Sale of lodge supplies.....	13.55
Official publication.....	50.00
Organizers' Expense, refund.....	2.00
Special Fund—Relief.....	20.55
Special Fund—Relief.....	27.75

Total Income.....\$7,574.22

DISBURSEMENTS	
Sick and Accident claims.....	\$1,410.00
Salaries of Officers and Trustees.....	262.00
Compensation of office employees.....	32.50
Travelling and other expenses of officers.....	210.18
Expense of collecting dues, etc.....	11.80
Insurance Department fees.....	15.00
Rents.....	156.00
Advertising, printing and stationery.....	128.50
Postage, express, etc.....	37.64
Lodge supplies.....	51.95
Official publication.....	328.46
Legal Expenses.....	31.45
Miscellaneous disbursements.....	93.16

Total Disbursements.....\$2,768.64

RECAPITULATION	
Total Income.....	\$7,574.22
Total Disbursements.....	2,768.64

Balance.....\$4,805.58

LEDGER ASSETS	
Deposited in trust companies and banks on interest.....	\$3,579.46
Cash in Society's office.....	45.19
Deposited in banks not on interest.....	1,180.93

Total Ledger Assets.....\$4,805.58

LIABILITIES—NONE		
EXHIBIT OF CERTIFICATES		
	Number	Amount
Certificates in force Dec. 31, 1907.....	520	\$260,000
Certificates written during the year (1908).....	87	43,500
Totals.....	607	\$303,500
Terminated during the year..	10	5,000
Total in force Dec. 31, '08..	597	\$298,500

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS
Illinois certificates in force Dec. 31, 1907, 134; Amount, \$67,000.

Written during 1908, 8; Amount, \$4,000.
Terminated in Illinois during the year, 1; Amount, \$500.

Total in force December 31, 1908, 141; Amount, \$70,500.

Received during the year from members.. in Illinois.....\$1,006.60

DEATH CLAIMS—NONE
SICK AND ACCIDENT CLAIMS
102 claims incurred during the year; Amount paid \$1,410.
Illinois Claims, 14; Amount, \$175.

NOTE—This report sworn to by the President, Secretary and Treasurer. Filed at Springfield February 13, 1909.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight lending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!
Guy Mannering.

List of Applications

Roger A. Green, (Nashville).....Nashville, Tenn.
Jode C. Rains, (Chicago).....Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Jeremiah F. Ryan, (Chicago).....Lynn, Mass.
Basil A. Grigsby, (Columbus).....Columbus, Ohio.
John R. Miles, (Chicago).....Steamboat Springs, Colo.
William F. Long, (Chicago).....New York, N. Y.
John M. Black, (Chicago).....Newark, N. J.
William Fricken, (Chicago).....Brooklyn, N. Y.
John D. Shea, (Chicago).....New York, N. Y.
John W. Jeynes, (Chicago).....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Walter Oldfather, (Chicago).....Arlington, Iowa.
Edward F. Sattler, (Indianapolis) Logansport, Ind.
Luther W. Morris, (Chicago).....Tulsa, Okla.
George E. Clark, (Indianapolis).....Attica, Ind.
Elmer L. Stevick, (Indianapolis).....Indianapolis, Ind.
Luther W. Morris, (Chicago).....Tulsa, Okla.
N. B. Gaudletes (Evansville).....Evansville, Ind.

Talk On Rates--II.

CLASSES A, B, AND C FIGURED OUT AND COMPARED BY THE GRAND CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

In this issue we shall give the comparative cost of assurance in the three classes at present under consideration—taking fictitious cases of Doe and Roe, who joined the Society at the ages of 20 and 40 years respectively and who die in their 70th year. Doe was a member therefore for 50 years and Roe for 30 years.

CLASS A.

Both Doe and Roe pay 55 cents a month and \$1.00 per death assessment. In the 50 years of his membership Doe pays in monthly dues only the sum aggregating \$450 while in his 30 years Roe pays \$270. Deducting the amounts received by their heirs, Doe will get \$50 profit and Roe \$230, which is manifestly inequitable. The figures in this example refer to total of monthly dues only. The death assessments will bring Doe's total up to over \$500 while Roe may get what he puts in and no more inasmuch as more death assessments will be due in 50 years than in 30. The Order of Plowmen in Indiana tried it seven years and then went out of business.

So as to show how it works I shall cite a case within my knowledge. The Ancient Order of United Workmen was started on the straight \$1.00 death assessment plan 40 years ago and has during its existence paid out over \$11,000,000 in death benefits. My friend joined it in 1875 and died in 1891. The rate was \$1.00 death assessment and 50 cents per month lodge dues, and no more than three assessments per month were allowed. When he died, and the claim was presented to the proper officials it was found that there was more death claims awaiting payment than there was money in the treasury to pay them and the consequence was that his widow had to wait thirteen months before her claim was reached and paid. The A. O. U. W. is still in business but under the National Fraternal Congress rates and with a reserve fund.

CLASS B.

In this class the amount is graded to the age of a member joining the Society. The younger one pays less than the older on the supposition that he will live longer and in the end pay as much proportionally as the older one.

Doe joins at 20 and his rate is 59 cents or \$7.08 per year. Roe joins at 40 and pays \$1.10 per month or \$13.20 a year. In Doe's 50 years connection he pays \$354, and Roe pays in his 30 years connection the sum of \$396. Deducting the amounts from the \$500 the heirs of both receive, Doe gets \$146 profit and Roe \$104 profit. No death assessments are made in this class, and the figures are all that has to be paid. Nearly all the fraternal insurance companies operate under the provisions of this class.

CLASS C.

In this class the amount of the policy is graded to the age of the member entering while the amount of dues is the same with the young and the old. Doe joins at 20 and is entitled to \$500 and Roe

joins at 40 and is entitled to \$367 at his death. At 55 cents per month Doe pays out in his 50 years connection \$330, and Roe in his 30 years \$198. Doe's heirs get \$500 at his death or a net profit of \$170 while Roe's heirs get \$367, a net profit of \$169 or only one dollar less than Doe's heirs get.

I consider this class the most equitable and in accordance with the motto of the Society. Besides its simplicity it will prove the easiest and cheapest to run. Class B will require complicated figuring and will prove a hardship to local and grand division-treasurers, while with Class C and its single and uniform rate, the collection is a simple sum in multiplication.

One can arrange for increased policies by paying double rates but in no case should any member be entitled to more than \$1,000.

[The classes A, B and C referred to in this article are those which were printed in *The Frat* for August, 1908.—Ed.]

It is better to be a friend to your fellow member while he is alive than to load his coffin with flowers when he is dead...To make a long story short—yawn while the other man is telling it to you...The way to become enthusiastic in working for your organization is to act as if you already had the enthusiasm...We strongly suspect that the password into the lodge of Exclusive Society is "Money"...Honey bees are good workers, but they are cruel. They kill off their drones...It takes "ginger" to make a successful council as well as to run a political campaign.—*The National Union*.

Co-operation is a word of much meaning in our day and age. In no other period of the world's history have the people banded themselves together for their common good as they have during the life of the present generation, and the amount of good that fraternal societies have done and are doing is beyond the comprehension of most men.—*Charoit*.

Individual work is always commendable, but nothing ever lasted which had to depend upon the efforts and ability of one person. Team work, a little effort from each one, is what counts in the summing up of progress. Individual work can stimulate and put life into team work, but it, by itself, cannot be the whole team and cannot get the results of the team.—*Charoit*.

Obituary

DIED—In Faxon Hospital, Utica, N. Y., February 2, 1909, Edwin Ruggles Weld, elder daughter of Edward Beverly and Jessie Weld Nelson, of Utica, formerly of Rome. Interment was at Medina, N. Y., on February 4.

Edwine was the oldest of two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and was educated at Chili Seminary, Chili, N. Y. For three years she had been a pupil of the nurses training class at Faxon Hospital and made many friends there as with many others with whom she came in contact. She was very well known by many of the Rome school graduates, having lived all her life in Rome except when at school, while her father was principal of the school for the deaf in Rome.

The sudden taking away of this promising young life in the early spring time of youth is a great blow to her parents and sister Margaret. Words are few and inadequate to express to them in this dark hour of bereavement, the sympathy of a host of friends. There is no flock, however, watched and tended

But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair!
She is not dead,—the child of your affection,—
But gone into that school

Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ, himself, doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

ANNA MCGOWAN MORIN.

With Our Exchanges

CONDUCTED BY R. B. LLOYD.

Mr. Thos. L. Brown, a deaf teacher for fifty years in the Michigan School, has been granted an indefinite leave of absence on account of failing health. Last summer he underwent an operation, and his school work since then has rather hindered his recovery.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

The new Superintendent of Public Instruction in South Carolina, Mr. J. W. Swarigen, is a blind man and was for many years a teacher in the School for the Deaf and Blind at Cedar Springs. The School therefore will have "a friend at court" in him. Mr. Swarigen is a nephew of Senator Tillman.—*Kentucky Standard*.

Mr. A. W. Dobyns, Principal of the Arkansas School, is studying law and will retire from our profession at the end of the present session. The announcement has been received with deep regret. But few young men are coming into the work and it appears that those already in it cannot be retained. What will the profession do for men in the next decade or so?—*The Kentucky Standard*.

William Jennings Bryan lectured in Olathe last Tuesday night, taking for his subject "The Prince of Peace." Of course, the house was jammed, and everybody was pleased. Wednesday morning he made a call upon our school and visited nearly all the rooms of classes in session at the time. He shook hands with the pupils, to their great delight. He seemed much interested in the instruction, especially in the oral department. Did he spell on his fingers?

In the address at Carnegie Hall last week President Eliot specified various forms of prevalent lawlessness, and then put the chief blame on society itself. It declines, he says, association with burglars and forgers, "but not with dishonest promoters, corrupt officials and lawyers who teach their clients how to evade laws." That last specification cuts deep. Lawyers of very high standing are glad to get such commissions. The remedy suggested is that of President Hadley, Don't invite them to your house; treat them as undesirable associates.—*Independent*.

Here is a fact. Be it trifling or important in its bearings, it is still a fact.

Of the fifteen Wade girls at the Morganton School, my letters from the three manual pupils average fully as high in correct English as those of twelve oral ones; sometimes I think they average slightly higher.

The general average of the whole fifteen is high; higher than that of some pure oral schools, I am told by teachers who have been in both.

Yet they all sign galore—*Wm. Wade, in Ala. Messenger*.

There are architects of high rank. One was educated at the Tennessee and New York Institutions and Gallaudet College, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is now one of the leading architects of Nashville, Tenn. After working in an architect's office for six years he opened an office on his own account and now makes about \$5,000 a year from office work alone and is so busy superintending buildings all over the city that he has to have an automobile to take him around.—*Nebraska Journal*.

The *Kansas Star* thinks the automobile craze is spreading and fears it is catching. It also opines that the time may possibly come when the manufacture of autos will be carried on in our schools and the trade taught the deaf. We have had the good (?) fortune to own an auto for the past two years. Our record is four runaways, two broken ribs, one painfully evident scar on the face and between seven and eight hundred dollars operating and repair expenses. The time may come as the *Star* thinks possible when the horse will cease to be used, but so far as our experience goes we are inclined to say that when we get another automobile, it will be a horse.—*North Dakota Banner*.

Two or three years ago Dr. Ferreri, one of the leading teachers of the deaf in Italy, visited a number of schools for the deaf in the United States. On his return to Italy he wrote a book telling of his visit, and giving his impressions.

He says:

"Everything in the American institutions is not only in good condition but also arranged in the best possible manner and everywhere one is impressed with the fact that nothing is done for the eyes of the visitor, but everything solely and entirely for the needs of practical life, and for the comfort of the pupils and teachers."

The *Inland Printer* for January says: "The employment of deaf printers on the Linotype has been the subject of inquiry and much debate, and in a recent issue of the *Illinois Advance*, published at Jacksonville, Illinois, a writer quotes a letter from the manager of the Inland Printer Technical School on the subject saying that the half dozen or more deaf mutes who have been graduated from this school made good operators. There seems to be no reason why more bright young men and women, though handicapped by the lack of hearing, should not take up this branch of the trade and make a success of it. It is found, in the majority of cases, that the lack of one faculty has a tendency to sharpen other faculties to such an extent as to partially overcome whatever disadvantage they may be under in competing with their fellows. For instance, the Linotype operator, unable to hear the alarm bell on the machine which announces the completion of a line, attaches a bit of white card to the bell hammer, which, as it falls, attracts his eyes. Frequently deaf mutes possess a better education than others who apprentice themselves to the printing trade, and this, of course, is in their favor. Linotyping is by no means closed to the deaf, and many more of them could find agreeable employment in the trade."

A movement has been inaugurated by the Deaf of Virginia to erect a monument over the grave of the late Rev. Job Turner, of Staunton, Virginia. He was the first deaf teacher in Virginia, laboring in the school room for forty years. He resigned to become a minister of the Protestant Episcopal church, to the Deaf of the South, and for twenty-five years more he travelled over the Southern states seeking out the deaf in city, town, and hamlets and ministering to their spiritual needs. His grave in the Staunton cemetery is unmarked, and it would be a graceful act for the Deaf to show their appreciation of the labors of this kindly, earnest, friend and benefactor by erecting a stone to his memory. As his missionary field embraced all the Southern States it has been decided to invite the Deaf of all of them to contribute to the memorial fund.—*Kentucky Standard*.

There is a pretty good story told on our genial and stalwart friend, Fred Von Rueden. One day while he was out walking, a big and fierce-looking dog took after him with every appearance of an intention to take a mouthful out of one of Fred's symmetrical calves. Fred is a man of peace, and does not carry a gun in his hip pocket. Neither stick nor stone was handy. But Fred has a quick wit in his head. He off with his cap, took it between his teeth, seized his coat tails in his hands and spread them out wing-like on each side, and then bent over and faced the dog. Doggie stopped short, took a good look at the strange creature confronting him, then turned and went kiting down the road with his tail between his legs, and for all we know, is still running. Fred has not patented this device, and others are at liberty to try it when need arises.—*Minnesota Companion*.

The Mississippi School for the Deaf has a first-class dairy and teaches dairying to some of the pupils. Up to June 15, 1908, the dairy was in charge of Mr. Duncan A. Cameron, a deaf graduate of the Wisconsin Institution and of Gallaudet College and of a dairy school in Wisconsin. Owing to the want of available funds the management was obliged to discontinue his services on the above date. The dairy buildings are not yet completed according to the plans and specifications, but when they are, the dairy will be one of the most complete in the South.

There is a story of a deaf and a hearing man making a wager as to which dare go through a certain piece of timber known to be infested with panthers, wild cats and wild animals, and to make the trip alone after dark. The deaf man won. Soon after the hearing man started on his journey he began to hear all sorts of noises, made doubly terrifying by the darkness and stillness of night. Fearful howls echoed through the wood. Cries of the panther and calls of the coyote were answered from the darkness until the man was seized with such dreadful fear that he turned back and forfeited his wager. The deaf man, however, started and went on his way, blissfully ignorant of everything but his own presence, coming out on the other side to claim his wager, none the worse for his adventure. The story may or may not be true, but it might be, and goes to prove that deafness under certain circumstances is an advantage.—*Kentucky Standard*.

Helen Keller has been doing a great deal of literary work of late. The *Century Magazine* prints an interesting article "My Dreams" that has many touches of a sweet philosophy, and is of rare interest to the student of Psychology. She says that in her dreams she often carries on long conversations but is never conscious of the medium by which it is done; the spelling or lip reading on which she is dependent in her waking moments is never employed in her dreams. We think, however, that a good many people will regret to see in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for January an article from her pen on Social Evil. The publishers of that Journal are engaged in a crusade against it, and are advocating a course of questionable wisdom as a remedy. The *Journal* has been a liberal patron of Miss Keller, her first literary work having been done for that magazine. Gratitude has probably led her to think well of its policies and to offer this support, but it is something of a shock to find her writing on such a subject.—*Kentucky Standard*.

Speaking of the recent action of president Roosevelt re-admitting the deaf to Civil Service examinations, Dr. E. A. Fay says in the January *Annals*:

The history of this gratifying though tardy act of justice on the part of the President has been fully told in newspapers of the deaf. While the President was no doubt influenced by the strong arguments presented by Mr. George W. Veditz and others last year, his final action was directly due to the intervention of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, Mr. Olof Hanson, and Hon. James Rudolph Garfield, a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet, who inherits from his father the lamented President Garfield, a warm interest in the deaf and a sincere desire to promote their welfare. When the efforts made last year through congressmen and others to persuade the President to set aside the unjust ruling of the Civil Service Commission failed, Dr. Gallaudet brought the matter to the notice of Mr. Garfield and he promised to take it up with the President when a suitable opportunity should occur. On November 18, 1908, Mr. Hanson on his own initiative, wrote to the President, stated the case briefly asked the President to read the letter in person, and suggested that it be referred to Mr. Garfield. It was so referred; Mr. Garfield then wrote to Dr. Gallaudet, requesting his co-operation, but as Dr. Gallaudet at the time was absent from home on account of his surgical operation, Mr. Garfield undertook the task alone. The result of Mr. Garfield's report to the President was the issuing of the above Executive Order, upon which we heartily congratulate the deaf people of the United States.

In consequence of the above Order, in the next edition of the Civil Service Manual to be published about January 15, the words "total deafness" will be omitted from the list of "defects" debarring persons from examination.

Vera Gammon had been told the story of Herod and the slaughter of the children, and was properly impressed with Herod's cruelty and wickedness. Not long after she surprised her teacher by asking her if pneumonia was wicked. Her teacher said no, but Vera insisted that it was. When asked why, she replied that pneumonia killed lots of people.—*Minnesota Companion*.

The *American Annals of the Deaf* for January, 1909, gives the number of public schools for the deaf in the United States as 60, public day-schools 63, denominational and private schools 18, total 141 schools. The public schools contain 10,265 pupils and the other schools 1,725 pupils. The number of teachers and instructors employed is 1,648 and of these 285 are deaf. The New York Institution and the Pennsylvania Institution have each 505 pupils.

Dr. W. K. Argo, superintendent of the Colorado School for the Deaf and the Blind, at Colorado Springs, and one of the best-known and most successful superintendents in the profession, has refused to recognize the Colorado state civil service commission as having jurisdiction over his school and has been served with a writ of mandamus issued by District Judge Allen of Denver to give the information or to appear in court in Denver and explain his reasons for not so doing.

The commission called Dr. Argo to give it full and complete information concerning the employees of the school, including names, occupation, compensation, etc. This information he refused to give, claiming that the school was purely educational, the same as the state university and normal schools, and does not come under the jurisdiction of the commission. Dr. Argo will make a test case of the matter and the result will be of interest to the profession.—*Illinois Advance*.

The amount of damage done by rats in the United States is estimated at not less than \$160,000,000 per year in the destruction of food and food products. They are also a menace to health as breeders and carriers of disease, being the special agents for the dissemination of some of the most dangerous forms of infection. For these reasons there is hardly any form of vermin destroying activity which gives promise of greater benefit to mankind than a war on rats. Under the auspices of the Agricultural Department an attack has been planned on warehouse rats in New York by the use of rat-killing virus discovered by Dr. Jean Danysz, director of the laboratory of agricultural biology in the Pasteur Institute, Paris, which may well be extended to other parts of the country.

The Danysz killer has been used with extraordinarily good results in France and England. The great advantage claimed for the virus by its advocates is that it is not a poison, and is absolutely innocuous to human beings or to animals not of the rodent family. Cats, dogs and chickens, for instance, can eat it with safety.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Oklahoma School for the Deaf is located in a well-equipped building at the east end of Muskogee Ave., the main street of Sulphur, and not more than a block from the business center. We understand that the building was erected for hotel purposes and that the town had rented it from its owners and has turned it over to the State gratuitously for one year in the hope that the Legislature will decide on Sulphur as the permanent location of the Oklahoma School for the Deaf. There is very little doubt that this body will decide otherwise, as the Board of Education has already recommended the town to be chosen as the permanent location and that \$100,000 be appropriated for new buildings. There are about a hundred and eighty pupils attending school, and they are instructed by eighteen teachers. Mr. A. A. Stewart, who was for many years superintendent of the Kansas Institute for the Deaf, is at the head of the School. Trades are not yet being taught, owing to the lack of room for shops and the insufficient appropriation to buy tools and hire competent instructors. The pupils have no playgrounds, but Superintendent Green of Platt National Park has kindly permitted them to play and romp in this beautiful park whose northern boundary line is not more than a stone's throw from the school. The Sulphur and the Bromide Springs, from which the town gets its fame, are located here and every day hundreds of strangers, armed with jug, bottle or cup, can be seen wending their way to either of them to partake of their curative waters.—*Silent Success*.

Cold! A blizzard swept down upon us from the bleak regions where Ichabod Crane inhales a goodly portion of ozone, and it froze us out. Ice, sleet and snow were in evidence almost everywhere in middle and northern Texas. Overcoats, furs, shivering and bursting water pipes were the order of the day. A redeeming feature about the whole event is that it lasted only a few days. We are thankful too that the mercury in the thermometer did not drop plump out of sight, as it did away up in the land of Hiawatha. The lowest registered at this point was 14 degrees above, while some of our friends on the northern border of this country of magnificent distances had to poke their noses out into an atmosphere that was almost devoid of heat—48 below. We like cold but prefer a little heat mixed with it. Scientists tell us that cold is simply the absence of heat; it is minus quantity—nothing. If it is nothing, how is it that its presence is felt so fiercely and suddenly sometimes? Last Sunday afternoon we were basking in the sunshine with the thermometer over 70. That night we went to bed with our windows and doors open and rather light bed-covers. The next morning our yard hydrant was frozen. Now, what we would like to know is what became of all the heat so fast. We hear of no place on terra firma that received an extra consignment at the time it disappeared from here. Perhaps Pluto drew on us rather heavily for heat to use in his business, as he was compelled to let go more than the usual amount in the Italian rapture. Or is it possible some awful sinner has just taken the final plunge?—*The Lone Star*.

A Correction

In the February issue of your *SILENT WORKER*, your correspondent from New York city belittled and ridiculed the story of Robert McGinnis' record of shooting 834 wild ducks on Thanksgiving Day on Long Island Sound, and further insinuated that the story lacked veracity, etc. Pach may try to be a practical joker, but he is doing a genial and generous fellow like Bob McGinnis a great injustice. The facts are that Bob remembered the poor of the town and the inmates of the institutions by giving them half of 834 birds, he reserved 3 birds for the home table and sold the rest to the poultrymen to reimburse himself for the ammunition and expense he incurred. Now, Pach, you better not go off at half-cock again.

Miss Keller a Victim of Public Attention

It is announced that Miss Helen Keller has been obliged to leave the immediate neighborhood of Boston to escape the attentions of those attracted to her home by her famous triumph over her triple affliction of deafness, blindness and inability to speak. She will seek the comparatively rural retirement of a small town in Maine, where she will have a chance to "have a good time with her mind," as she quaintly expressed it while a student at Radcliffe. Mark Twain said that the two most remarkable characters of the nineteenth century were Napoleon and Helen Keller.—*Press Dispatch*.

A sudden thought is often a wise, almost always an honest one.—*Peveril of the Peak*.

God is mair mercifu' to us than we are to each other.—*Heart of Mid-Lothian*.

You can speak to no one to whom England and the life of every Englishman can be dearer than to me.—*Ivanhoe*.

Thou hast a kind heart, I warrant thee.—*Red-gauntlet*.

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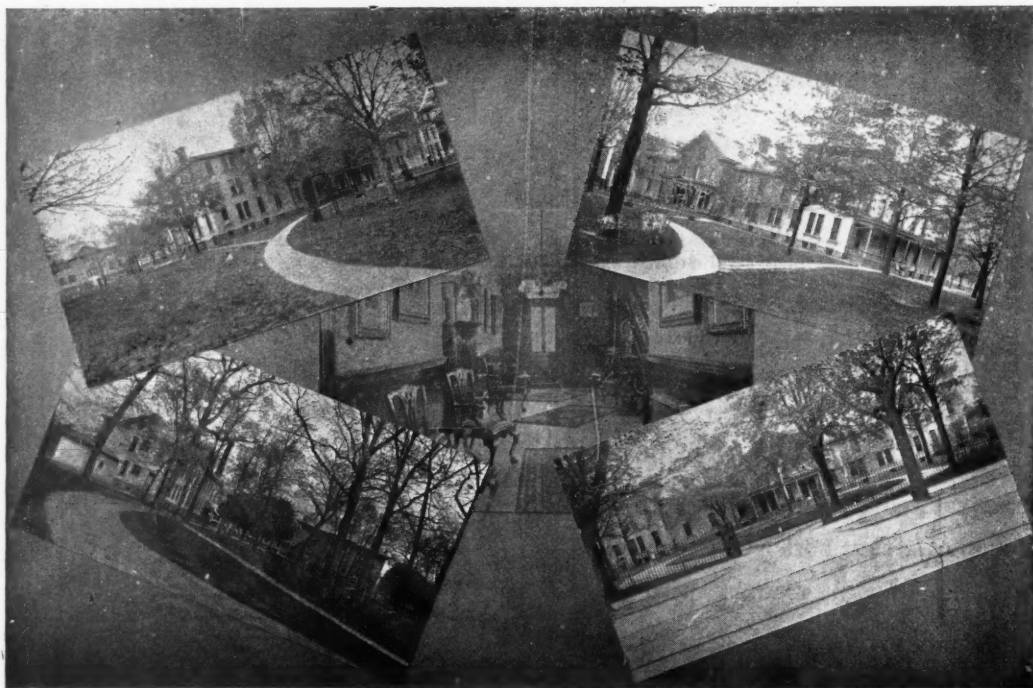
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